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INTERNATIONAL club

VOLUME 21 NUMBER 11

OOOOOOHH!

SLAP HAPPY BOTTOM SPECIAL!

THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

LOVELY LUCY

PLUS 12 PANTING NYMPHOS ON HEAT!

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number Eleven

Why is this column here? It's an interesting philosophical point. In one sense, it's here to fill up the space between the pictures. In another, it exists to set a certain tone for the issue – a low one, in general. And in a third, I write it so I can puff up my already enormous ego by going on about all the interesting things I've done and all the models I've shagged recently.

However, this month I have done absolutely nothing of any interest to anyone. Not even myself. Last week I got an itchy foot, and the week before I missed a couple of episodes of The Archers. That's about it.

So, this month Tease will concern itself with the wacky, daredevil doings of the rest of the nutty Club bunch. And they are wild! Get a load of this lot:

Ian 'Gillan' Midson was shocked and disturbed to find that his terrapin had escaped. However, after an exciting chase he discovered it alive and well in the pond at the end of his garden. "It was lucky I found it when I did, or it could have eaten my goldfish!" exclaimed a relieved Ian.

Vicky 'Thomas' Hardy went to her ballet classes. "I'm almost up to my embonpoints!" she gushed. We're sure she is.

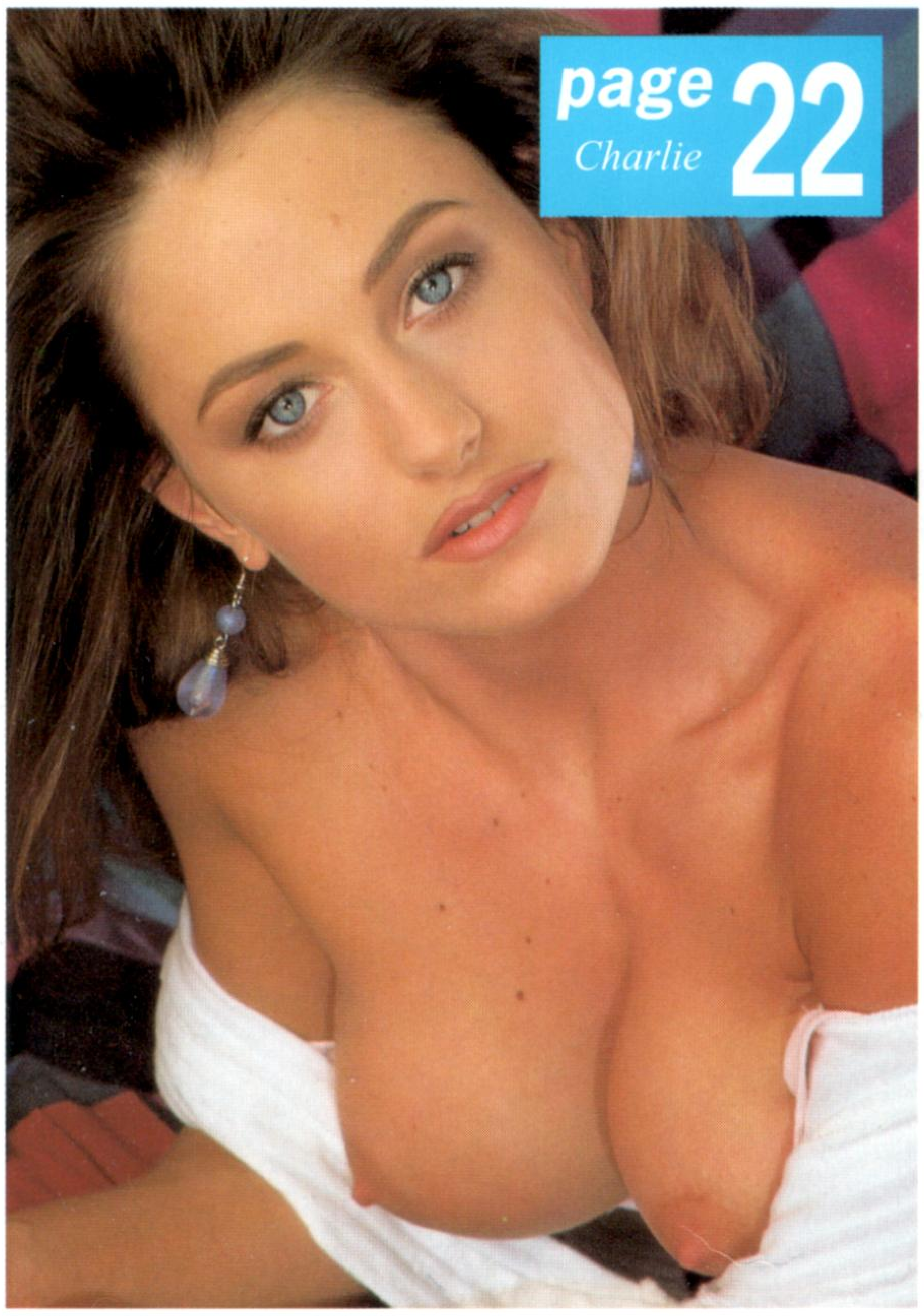
Rod 'Leonardo' Edwards fell in love. "She's a great shag," he said romantically. We already knew that, Rod.

Lee 'A cup of tea, please' Lestat got drunk with an old mate. "We had a great girlie chat," she said. "But then I got so drunk I was sick."

New boy Max, who nobody can be bothered to invent a nickname for, moved house and did a bit of decorating. "Can I knock out a few decorating / sex related puns for you, chief?" he panted ingratiatingly.

Ricky 'Richard' Guy went to see Michael Jackson at Wembley. "He was pretty good, actually," he said in a Scottish accent.

Bill the Freelancer made a dirty video with two rude



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ladies, and then went to a wedding where all the women had boobs over 38 inches. Bastard.

Maurice 'Tall' Short refused to get a sattelite dish and has now not seen any football for three months. "It's quite a relief, actually," he mumbled.

A pretty pathetic showing we think you'll agree. In desperation, we asked car correspondent Horst Pipe if anything interesting had happened to him. "No, not really," he answered. "Nothing interesting ever happens to me."

"Well, it has now," we told him. "This month's is the last column of yours that will ever appear in Club. You're sacked."

Saying this cheered us up so much that we felt in the mood for some fun. We are now off to shag the models, drink ourselves witless and take loads of drugs. We'll tell you what it was like next month, if we're still alive... – *The Editor* ♣

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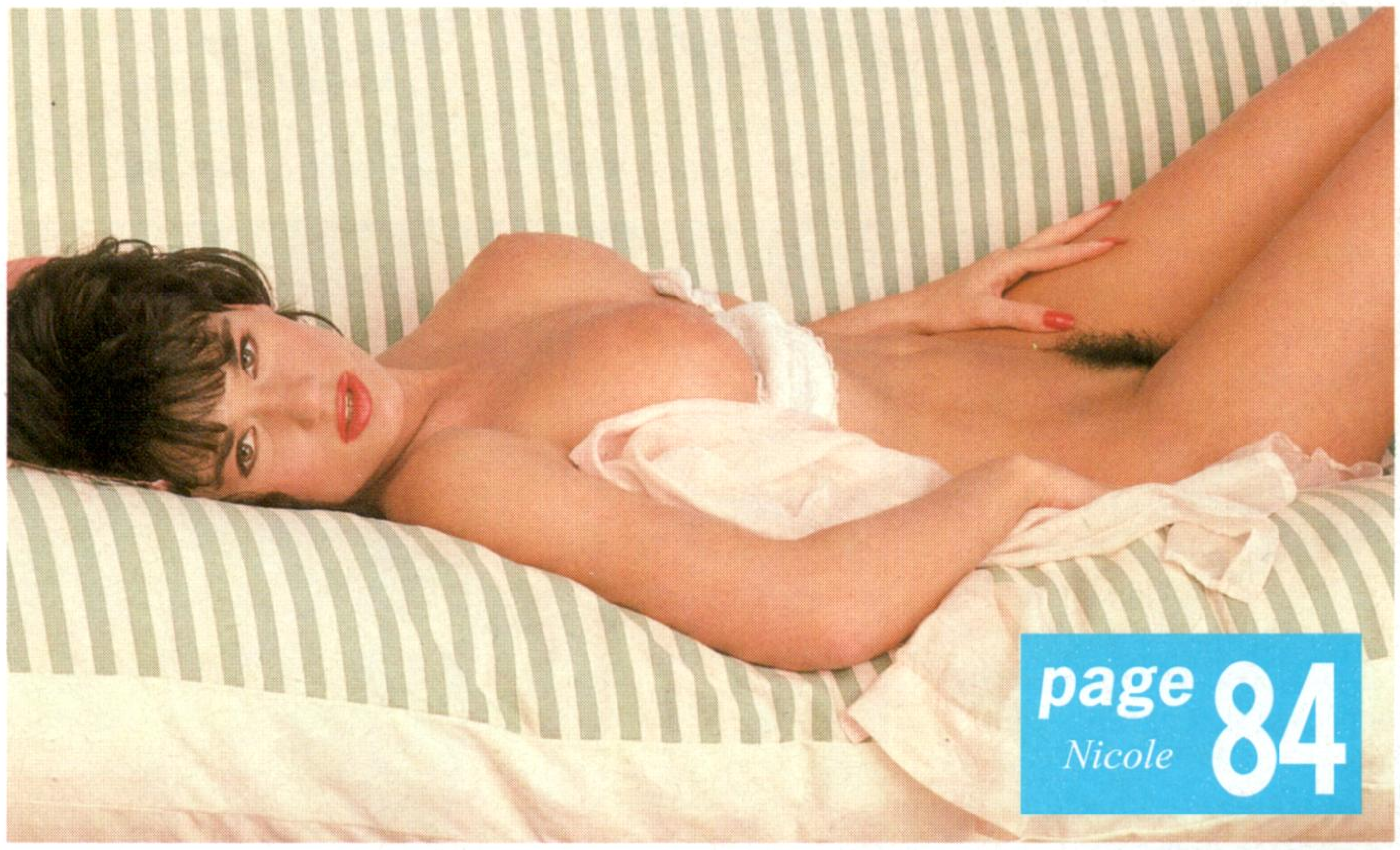

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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Twin Peaks

I work as a building surveyor and I've fancied my personal assistant, Tina, for ages. I'm a keen rock climber, and one afternoon when we were chatting about it she asked if she could come along some time. Of course I said yes, and the next Saturday morning I picked her up bright and early. I couldn't help noticing what fantastic legs she had, made even better by the tightest pair of white shorts ever, topped off with a skimpy grey t-shirt that showed every curve of her small, firm tits.

As the day wore on we completed a few small climbs before deciding to try something a little more adventurous. But halfway up the mountain I slipped a few feet and hurt my leg. I had done the climb before and knew there was a cave only a few feet away, so we made our way there.

I lay down and as Tina started massaging my aching leg, I admitted that I always got a bit of a thrill out of climbing.

"Anything like the thrill you're getting now?" she asked. Blushing, I followed her gaze to the bulge growing in the front of my trousers. I could hardly hide my embarrassment! But I needn't have worried...

"I think your leg needs a little more attention, don't you?" she whispered, unbuckling my belt and pulling off my trousers.

"Not half!" I replied, and Tina began stroking my thigh, getting nearer to my bulging cock, which twitched with each stroke. After a few minutes of this torture, Tina pulled off her t-shirt and stepped out of her shorts revealing a smooth, shaved snatch and tight arse.

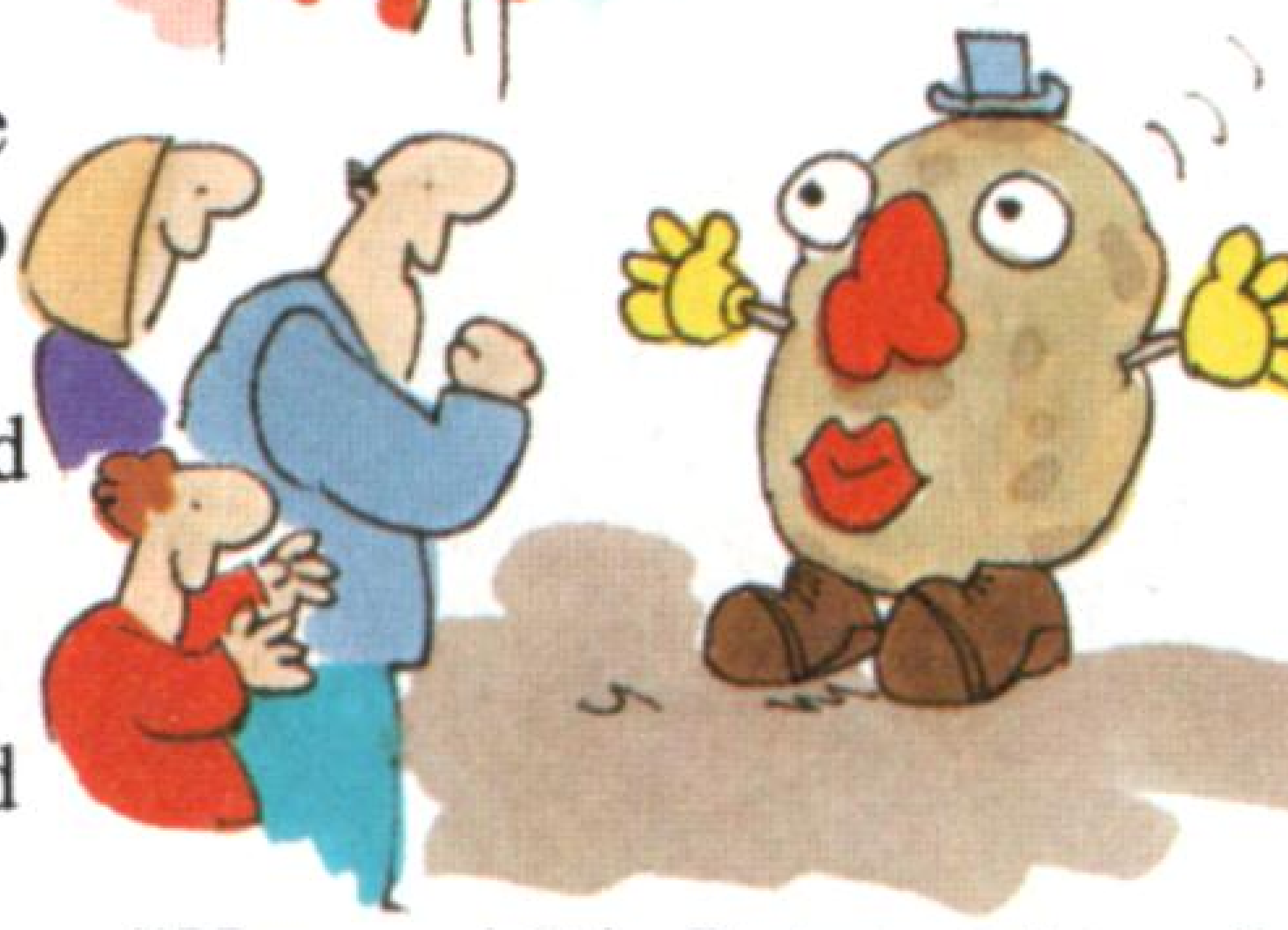
By now my prick was as hard as the rock we had just climbed! Tina licked her lips and sat astride my chest, her bum inches from my face and her crinkly cunt lips trembling so much it looked like they were blowing me a kiss. She slowly lowered her head and took my cock in her mouth, flicking her tongue around it as she wriggled her pussy over my face. I could feel her hot wetness on my lips and putting both hands on her hips, I pulled her nearer so I could shoot my tongue deep inside her delicious tunnel.

Slowly we started rocking back and forth, groaning as the sucking and slurping drove us both towards a huge orgasm. Tina was pushing up and down so hard she was in danger of suffocating me, and I was thrusting my cock as far into her mouth as I could.

My breathing got faster and faster and I desperately wanted to come in bucket loads; but I wanted to see her lovely face as I did. So with all my willpower, I lifted her off with a groan and turned her around to face me.

With her left hand she guided my glistening tool into her sopping cunt, hovering with just the shiny, red helmet inside her for a moment. "Fuck me now, Tina!" I cried out loudly. "Fuck me till I come!" and with that she slid right down onto my thick cock, shuddering as it filled her. She put my hands over her soft tits as she began bouncing up and down, getting closer to coming with every thrust. We moved faster and faster until I shot my hot load deep inside her, just as she exploded her love juice all over my cock.

We lay on the ground together for a few minutes before doing the whole thing again in positions I had never



"Hooray! It's Potato Man..."

NUTTER'S CORNER

Spiderman, Spiderman, does whatever a spider can... that's Lance Jepson, the Rotherham tarantula fancier. He loves spiders so much, he's even set up a rest home for retired and knackered arachnids.

A never-ending stream of injured spiders knock (rather quietly) on his door. Most have broken legs – some through sporting injuries (homing spiders are rapidly replacing pigeons in recession hit Yorkshire). Some have been made

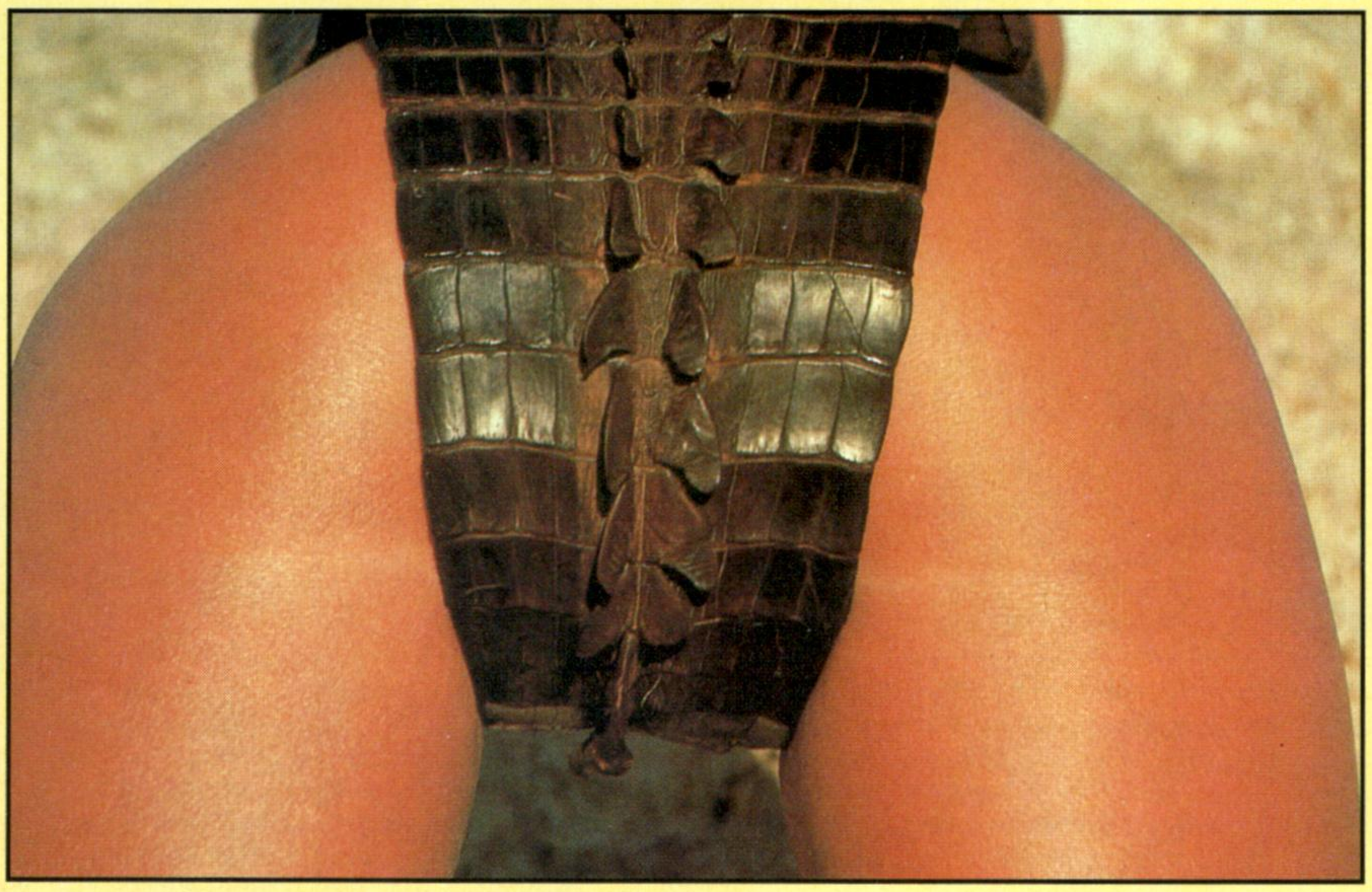
GET YER CROCS OFF

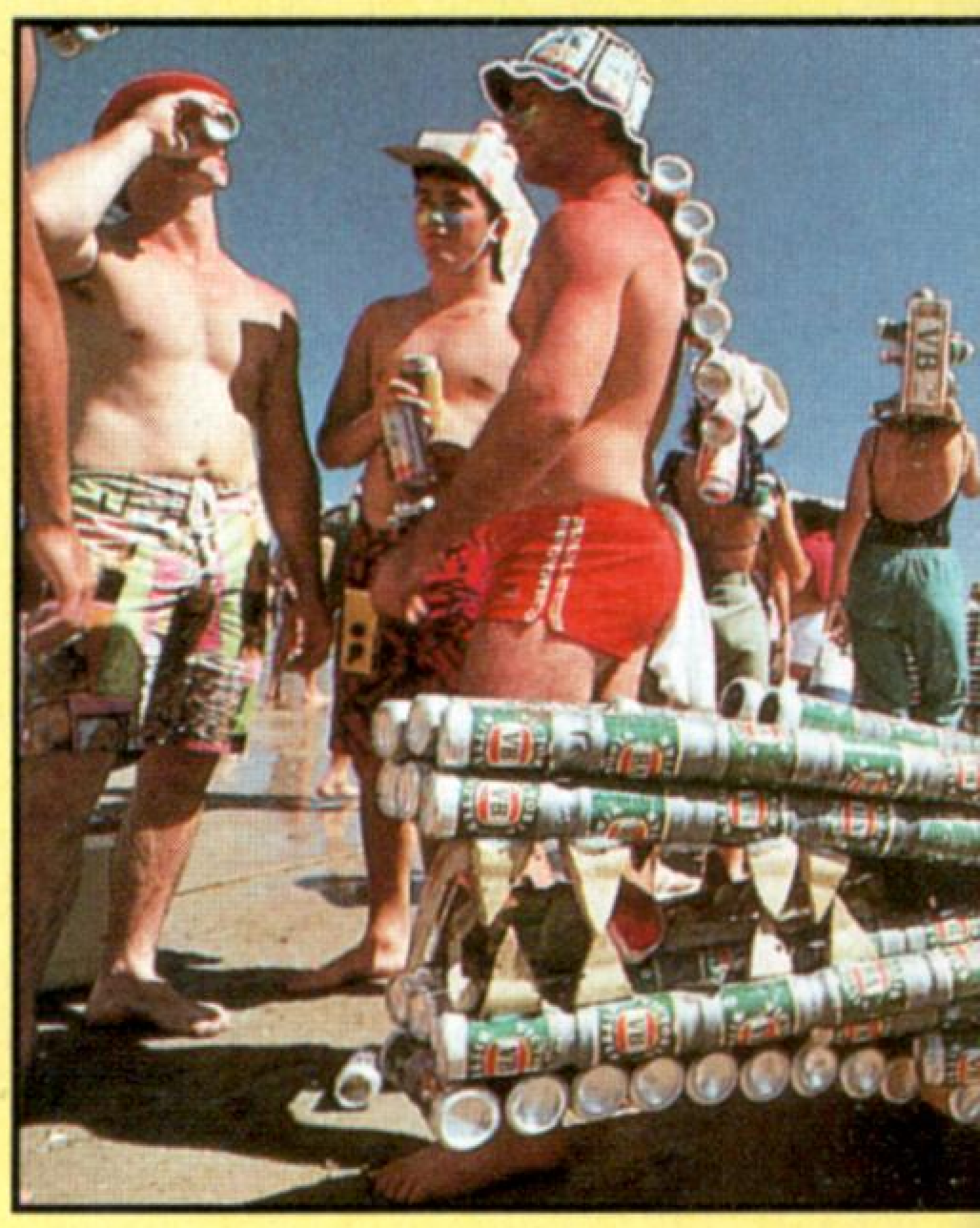
When a fashion conscious sheila from Down Under said, "I want a new swimsuit and make it snappy!" she didn't know she was about to wipe out a complete species. That's 'cos this one-piece is made from real crocodile skin.

Fashionable reptile hide clothing meant that all the old crocs (and most of the young ones) in Australia's Northern Territories became the gussets of bathing costumes. In fact, most of them volunteered! However the locals soon realised that their biggest tourist attraction – potential death by carnivorous reptile – had now gone. So the sensitive beach boys of Sydney's Bondi were called in to help.

A government funded scheme paid for five thousand cans of lager which the lifeguards considerately drank whilst laughing and kicking sand at skinny people. Then instead of throwing away the empties the artistic Antipodeans fashioned a life-sized replica of the missing reptile, complete with a half-digested English tourist sticking out of its mouth, and floated it back onto the waters of Lake Kylie.

So successful was it





web-less by little boys with sticks and forced to live in bed and breakfast accomodation, sleeping twenty to a bath. Others need artificial respiration after being cruelly swilled down plugholes.

Lance looks after them all, tucking them up in their beds, running his hand over their furry knees and spoon-feeding them mashed flies. As one patient commented exclusively to Club: "When I visited Dr Jepson with a missing leg, he simply glued on a new one! Now I can't wait to get my eight legs over again..."

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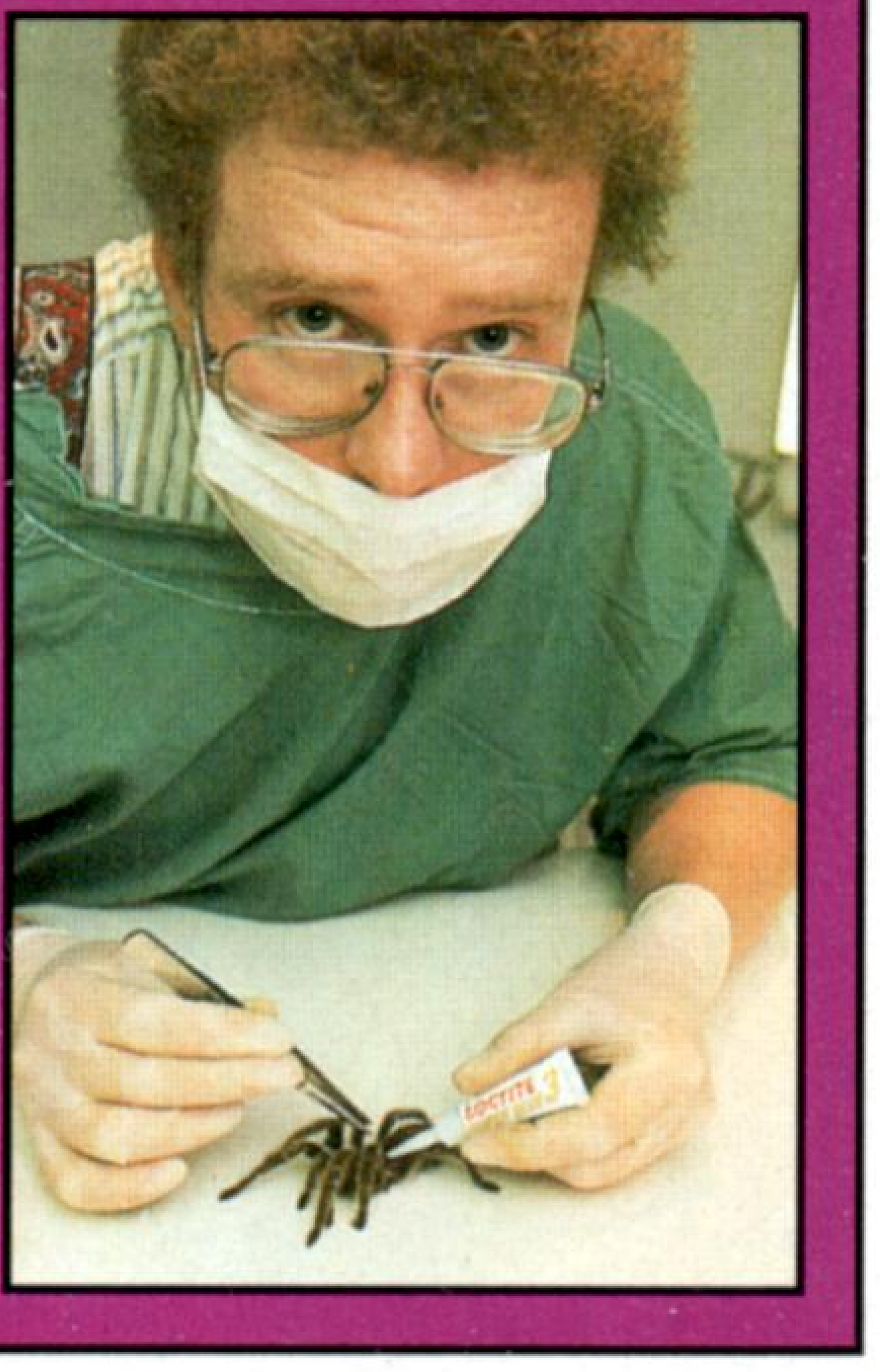


even thought possible, and by the end of the day we barely had the energy to climb back down the rock face. That Monday when everyone in the office asked how the climb went and if I got all the way up, I could hardly keep a straight face! – *Tim, Nottingham*

that now blue whales are to be made out of crunched up Datsuns, elephants from old grey Land Rovers will roam majestically over the plains of Africa and the Brazilian rain forest is going to be replaced by Big Mac cartons squashed together and fashioned into tree shapes. Disgusting? Yes, indeed, ladies and gentlemen! My name is Benetton, goodnight. ♣

Sexual Tents-ion!

First of all let me congratulate you on your great mag. I'm a new reader, having only seen the last few issues, but I certainly won't be missing out on any more in the future!

My husband and I were on a camping holiday in the Lake District recently, and were doing our best to put up the tent. While we were struggling we noticed two young men nearby laughing at our obvious inexperience. It was a sunny day and they were dressed in only their shorts, showing off their tanned, muscular bodies.

They eventually came over to help, and as we set the tent up we got chatting. They were camping near us, and we arranged to meet for a drink that night, and then went to a nearby restaurant, where I must admit we all got a bit merry! As we wandered home, my husband suggested Steve and Tony join us back at our tent for a nightcap.

Sitting outside in the moonlight with two hunks beside me soon had my head spinning and my knickers sopping. Then my husband got his camera and suggested we take a few photos of each other. The boys agreed and as we all played around together, he snapped away.

"Sit nearer to them!"

continued on page 21

joanne

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Blonde bombshell Joanne returns to the pages of Club after her summer holiday with a bit of a lovely tan, as well as a tanned lovely bit. So did she go starkers every day?

"Of course! I like to show off my body. That way I get more fellas chatting me up – and what's the point of having sun, sand and sea if you haven't got plenty of sex to go with it?

"Also, if I don't take everything off on the beach I just end up with big white

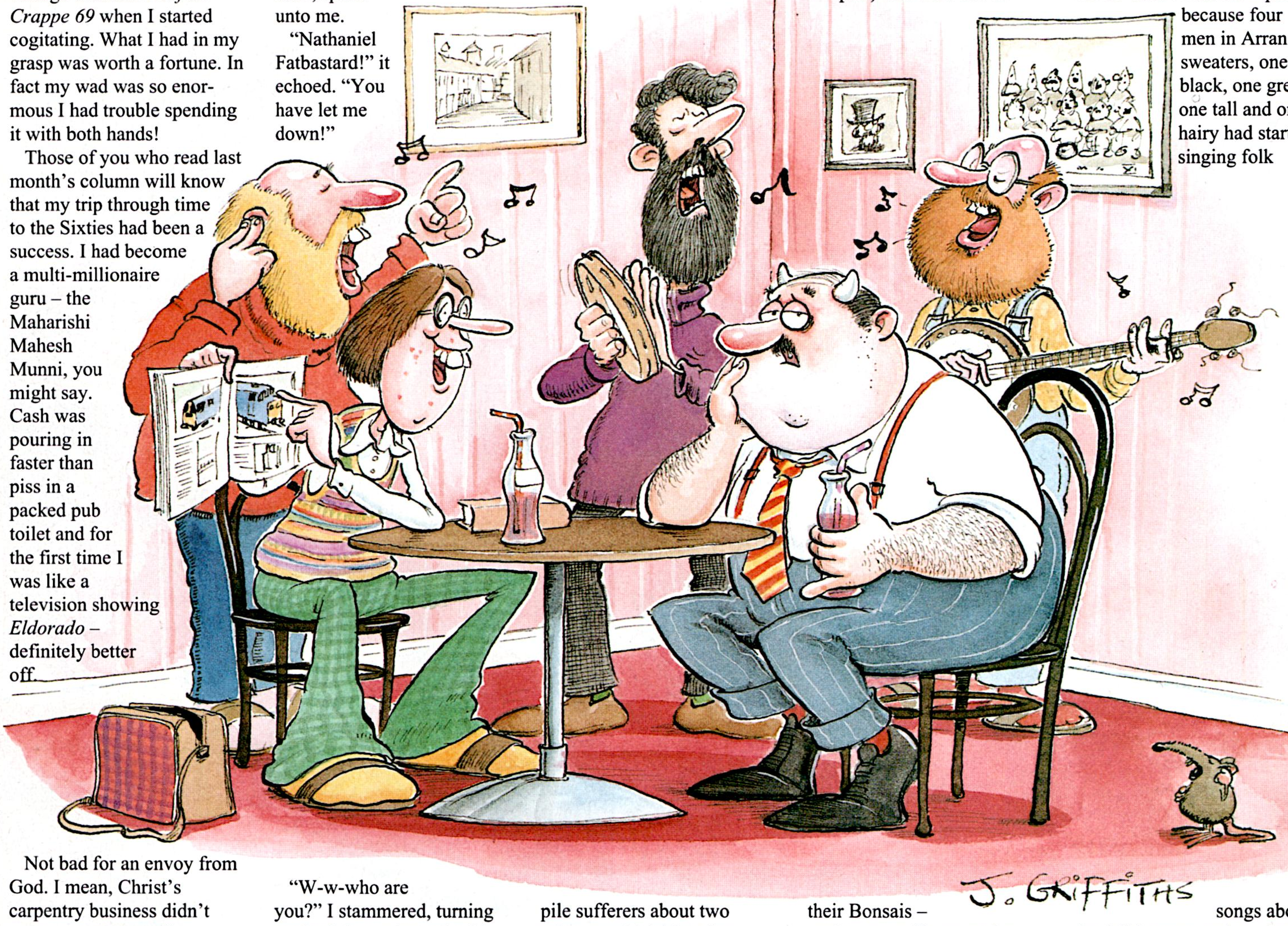
blobs all over me. Mind you, sometimes when I do take everything off I still end up covered in big white blobs, but that's another story..." ♣

NAT GOES TO HELL

Eternity down the pub sounds like heaven for **Nathaniel Fatbastard**, special envoy to God & Son plc – but not when it's full of folk singers in Arran sweaters!

Last week I was reading a copy of *The Tatlover* on the bog after a couple of litres of vintage *Chateau Neuf de Crappe 69* when I started cogitating. What I had in my grasp was worth a fortune. In fact my wad was so enormous I had trouble spending it with both hands!

Those of you who read last month's column will know that my trip through time to the Sixties had been a success. I had become a multi-millionaire guru – the Maharishi Mahesh Munni, you might say. Cash was pouring in faster than piss in a packed pub toilet and for the first time I was like a television showing *Eldorado* – definitely better off.



Not bad for an envoy from God. I mean, Christ's carpentry business didn't even warrant a small industrial unit on the Bethlehem by-pass, let alone the swanky new apartment I'd got.

Then as I lay in my king-size, satin pillowed, four poster bath (Biba £2,999 19s 11d) I had an apparition. I'd had them before – I think it's the way the warm water swirls round your gonads – but this one was different. A blinding light filled my kharsi and a booming voice, not unlike Orson Welles when he was doing sherry commercials, spoke unto me.

"Nathaniel Fatbastard!" it echoed. "You have let me down!"

"W-w-who are you?" I stammered, turning my bath into a jacuzzi with an unexpected burst of methane.

"I'm God, you twat!" it said. "Who else has a booming voice and hangs around men's toilets?"

"Ralph Richardson?" I suggested meekly.

"How dare you! No, it is I, God, and I am mightily displeased. You have not done the work I gave you. All you have done is used it as an opportunity to make profits!"

"I haven't made any prophets! That was that poof John the Baptist. His finger had seen more rings than Zsa Zsa Gabor..."

"Oh shut the fuck up!" God boomed. "You know what I mean. I gave you one more chance of life but you let me down. Nathaniel Fatbastard, you are going to Hell!"

"No, not..."

"Yes, the Fiery Furnace! Goodbye for ever, Fatbastard!"

The next thing I knew, I was standing in a drab pub with a jukebox playing Chas'n'Dave songs, hideous flock wallpaper and those bentwood chairs that give pile sufferers about two minutes of drinking time. Behind the bar was a disgustingly cheerful lard-arse who looked suspiciously like Ronnie Barker.

"Good morrow, squire, welcome to *The Furnace*!" said the smiling, rosy-faced barman. "My name's Derek, you can call me Del, I am mine host. Nice to see you, to see you nice!"

"Oh shut up, and get me a pint!"

"Righty-ho, Mr Chairman! Bitter?"

"So would you be if you'd just lost three million quid!"

"Sorry, sir, we don't sell bitter here!"

"Oh, lager then!" I snapped.

"Nor lager, nor any kind of alcoholic refreshment whatsoever to customers over the mental age of eight, I'm afraid! Did I tell you about the time I took a caravan across the Fens. Well, Fizzer and I, that's 'er indoors..."

I stomped off and sat in a corner only to have my territory immediately invaded by one-pot screamers – loud-mouthed men in suits who'd had two halves of Groanenburp 1604 (£1.95 a pint) and were out of their Bonsais – or tiny trees, if you prefer.

"Bwaaaaaaah!" shouted one, spilling lager all over me as he sat down with his fellow lower primates at my table. "I've just pranged the beastly Massa, cost me 40K, I've only just finished paying 80 big ones for the boat!"

"My shares have just lost me 20," said another also bellowing out his bank statement.

I left them trying to balance pints on their heads and singing rugby songs. Instead I sat in another corner containing the winner of the Mr Sad Bastard 1992 contest. He had small round specs, sandals, maroon socks and a tank top.

"Oh hello," he said in a whisper heavily loaded with saliva. "Would you like to see my photos of diesel engines from the seventies?"

"No, I wouldn't!"

"Well, this is the Class 81 Bo-bo diesel used for mixed freight and light passenger work on the Eastern Region. You see it negotiating the sidings near Holt Junction. This... "

"FUCK OFF!!!!" I shouted but he didn't hear me – partly because four men in Arran sweaters, one black, one grey, one tall and one hairy had started singing folk songs about dead fishermen and getting the whole pub to join in. They were called The Money Spinners.

"God, this is Hell!" I muttered.

"Exactly!" said a man in a red PVC suit with slicked back hair, a huge scotch in one hand and a large Monte Cristo cigar (Dunghills £9.99) in the other. "Welcome to my kingdom. Let me

ENCYCLOPAEDIA TITANNICA

After milking mamms for months on end *(You should be so lucky – The Ed)*, we finally close the covers of our top heavy tome. This month: Tits in the year 2000.

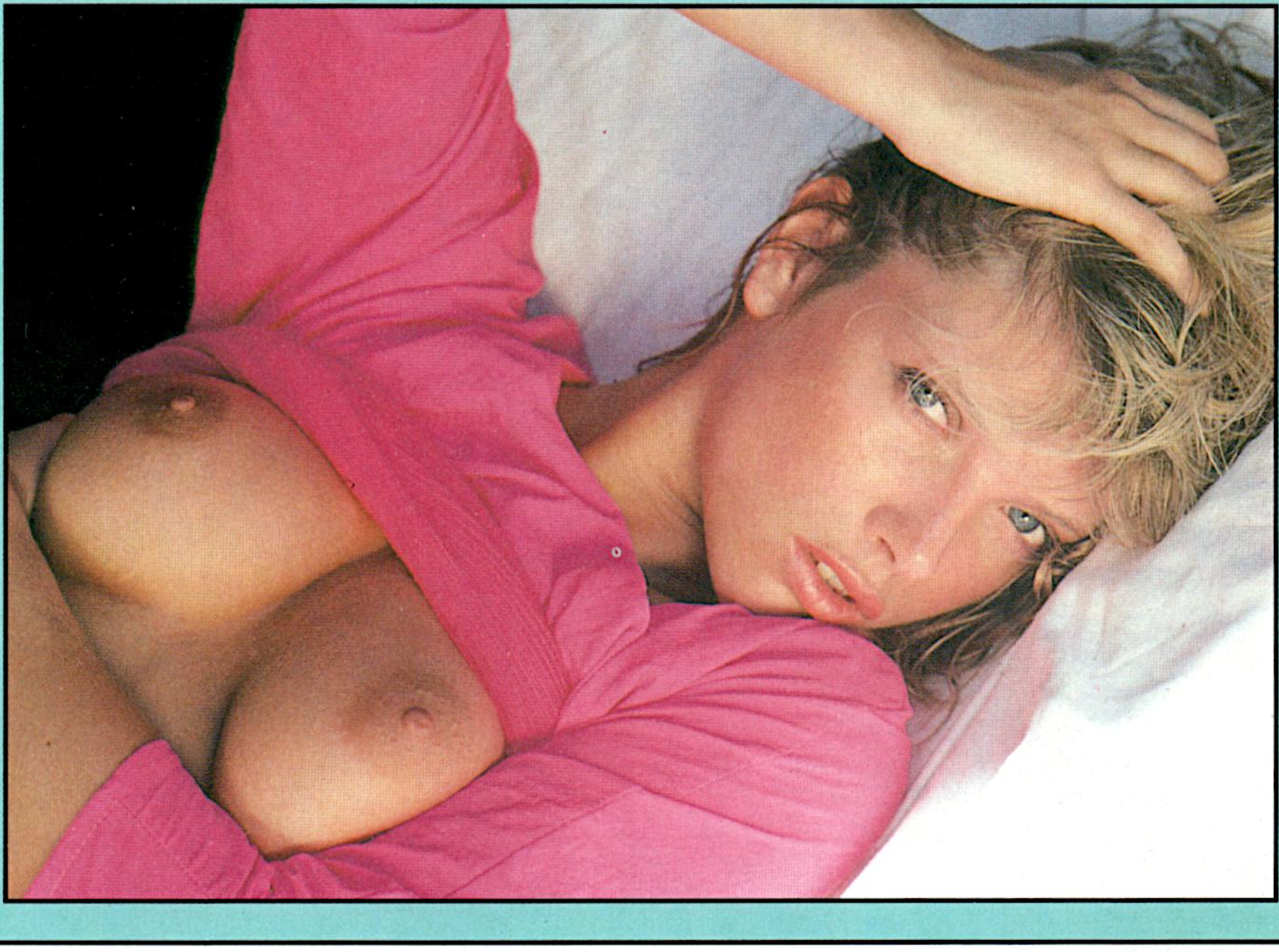
What is the future for whammers? What do female funbags have in front of them (apart from bras or jumpers)?

Some biologists say that with the decreasing popularity of breast feeding, tits will eventually disappear; however, we're happy to reveal the exact opposite. High vitamin diets and regular exercise will expand chests, continuing the growth in average size. In fact, by 2010, 44 inch knockers will be the norm. What's more the rapid depletion in the ozone layer will make them a gorgeous golden brown.

Bras will become a thing of the past as most mamms in the year 2000 will support themselves. A decrease in gravity caused by plundering of the Earth's magnetic core to supply the increasing demand for humorously-shaped fridge ornaments will mean that even the most enormous nawks will float in front of the owner, bobbing around like balloons. Some girls will need help keeping them under control, and, 'Do you mind holding my tits whilst I get my purse out, darlin'?' will become a popular cry in the queue for the under eight item check-out at Sainsbury's.

What's more, nipples will come in a choice of three different flavours – strawberry, vanilla and chocolate – and will be edible, growing back in about five minutes, and... arrggghhh!!!

Encyclopaedia Titannica will be updated and revised for a second edition just as soon as its compilers are released. ♣



introduce myself. My name's Lucifer. Call me Lou."

"Hell is a large crap pub with no beer, full of loud-mouthed wankers and train spotters with a twee folk act?" I asked.

"Yours is," he replied. "Hell is different for different people. For motorists with fast German cars we have a nice mock-up of the M25 complete with contraflow. For feminists we have ringside seats at Miss World. For randy bastards, we have impotence – but you won't have noticed that yet."

"I'm impotent?!"

"Yes, it's a little service we perform for all the ex-*Club* writers. They're all here you know. Remember George Breast and Gary Garbonza the big tit columnists? They're at a gymnast training centre of ours, forced to watch flat-chested East German girls all day. Vinny Sprocket is on a football special where all the supporters are from the opposing side and there's no lager allowed; and Billy Buttock the arse fanatic is in the Bottomless Pit. We can't wait for your Editor to snuff it. I've got a beautiful over-priced pub waiting for him filled with his mates."

"That doesn't sound so bad..." I mumbled.

"But," said Lou breaking into a wicked grin, "It's his round! It's always his round. Ha-ha-haaaa!"

Not for the first time in this column, I felt a moistness come to my cheeks – only this time I wasn't crapping myself, I was crying.

"So this is it!" I sobbed. "Eternity in an unlicensed pub?"

"Not necessarily..." replied Lou, stroking his forked beard. "You see, I've been watching you, Natty old chap, and frankly I'm impressed. Not only do you possess all seven of my deadly sins – sloth, avarice, lust and all that – but you've added a few of your own. Sexism, racism, snobbism, we've got you to thank for those. So how about you and I do a little deal?"

"Anything!" I wept.

"Ah yes, of course, cowardice is another of your skills. Look, I have this little retail business going. We specialise in souls. Sell me yours and I'll give you back your life on earth."

"Please!" I wailed, then remembered my self-employed training. "My life plus a pint of cold Secks (£3.50) and a packet of crap corrugated crisps upfront!"

"You drive a hard bargain..." Lou grinned devilishly. "Okay, you're on. Shortly, you will be back on Earth forever, doing my work by behaving as grossly and unpleasantly as possible. Just like normal, really! Cheers!"

Suddenly I found myself in an even worse pub, the *Smell of Pukington* (27, Hardon Street, Soho) with a pint of Secks and some crisps. Standing next to me was the Editor of *Club*, frantically denying it was his round.

"Nat, I thought you were dead!" he belched.

"No, I've been staying with Horst Pipe – much the same thing, really!"

"Look, I want you to be our new roving reporter, writing the occasional column about matters of topical interest!" he said. "Of course we can't pay very much what with the recession, but it's all the booze, birds and bingeing you can handle. How does that sound?"

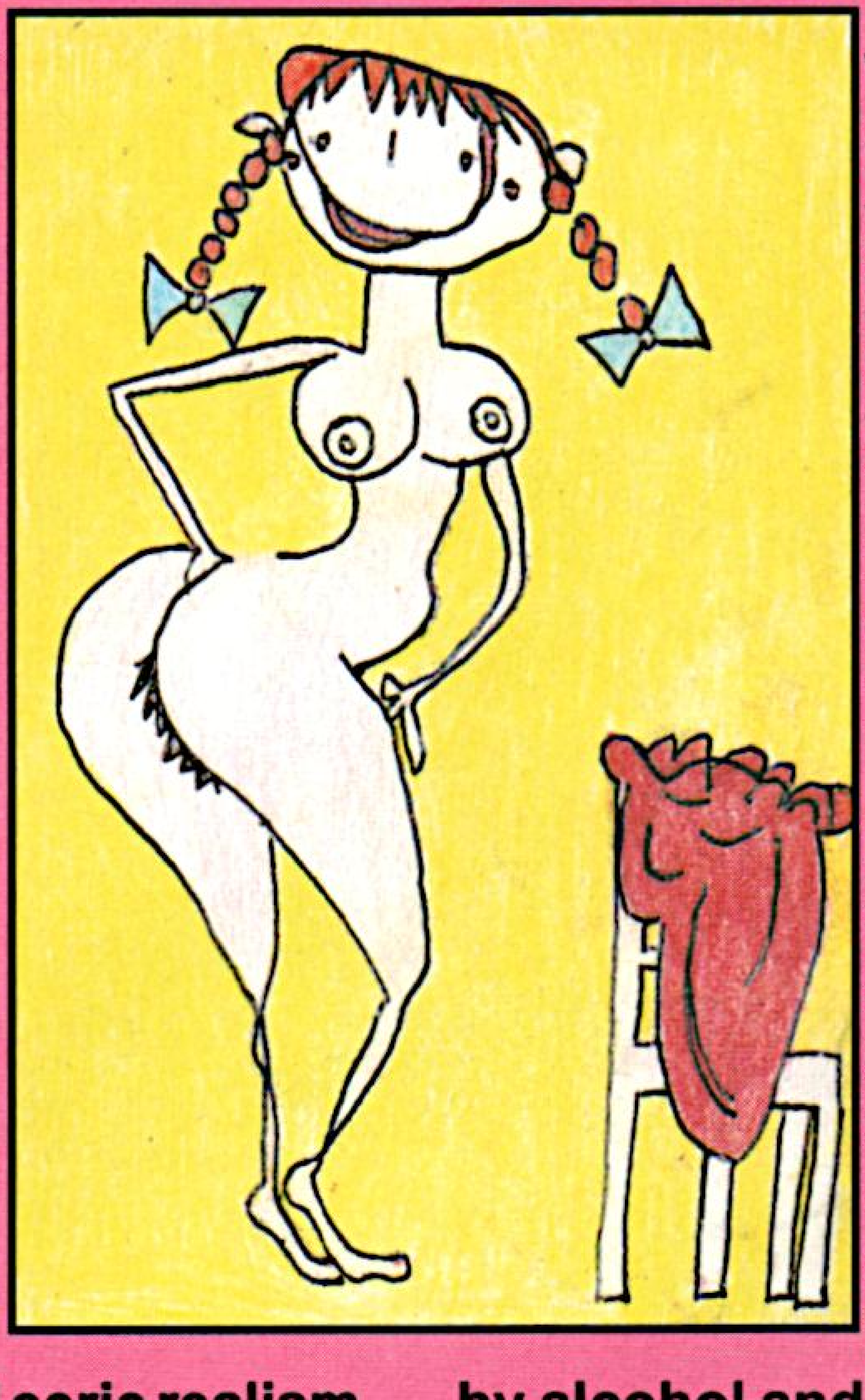
I felt two little horns forming on top of my head and a large tail growing, rather unusually, at the front.

"Absolute Hell, Bleach. Absolute Hell!" I replied.

Readers should note that, in future, Mr Fatbastard's column will only appear when it has something interesting to go into – ie, about every ten years. – The Editor. ♣

THE GALLERY

We've been encouraging you to send in your drawings in the faint hope that one of them will actually turn out to be, if not good, at least up to junior school standard. Fat fookin' chance.



Drawn with both hands and in crayon, this effort boasts an arse like Roseanne Barr's and a face like Felicity Kendall on one E too many. And to add to the overall feeling of erotica and eerie realism, the little cutey has gravity-defying pig tails, two withered limbs and a hedgehog coming out of her fanny, not to mention Mick Jagger's severed tongue draped over her chair beside her.

The bastard responsible is D. Cowler of London, a professional idiot who in his spare time enjoys smashing his head against a brick wall and eating plasticine. His heroes are Bungle off *Rainbow* and Tony Hart. Well, Mr Cowler, in your mind you are clearly influenced by the Neo-Realism of the early French Impressionists you and possess a fine eye for detail, but in ours you are clearly influenced by alcohol and in possession of someone else's glasses.

Feel free to send in your pictures, but don't expect us to be nice about them. If we wanted this crap, we'd hire Rolf Harris, wouldn't we? ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Scott Evans

Hiya! First of all, thanks for all your letters – right now I'm reading through them all (which is a lot of fun!) and I promise that every one of you who's asked for a signed photo will get one soon!

Loads of you men, and quite a few girls too, wanted to know how I keep myself in shape. Well, when I was younger I used to go to ballet classes. I was pretty good, honest! I gave it up when I was 14, but I started again a few years ago, so when some of you asked to see me in a ballet outfit I jumped at the idea, after all I'd got all the clothes to hand! The top, the tutu and the shoes are the ones I always wear,

though I must admit I don't usually wear stockings for ballet practice! They felt so nice though, I think I might in future...

Going through a few moves in front of the camera felt incredibly sexy. I couldn't resist having a good look in the mirror, and I have to admit the sight of myself did turn me on a bit. Is that terribly naughty? Well, I couldn't help it!

Keep those ideas coming – I can't wait to find out what I'll be doing next month! I'll see you then. Don't forget to write! ♣

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I'm glad to see a redhead has finally made it to the regular girl slot in Club. It's been far too long since we've seen a girl with such a lovely figure and gorgeously smooth breasts... all topped off with a mane of glowing red hair that drives me absolutely wild!

How about some pictures of you, naked, in front of a full-length mirror, slowly combing your flowing red locks? — *Ian, Portsmouth*

I've had loads of letters from blokes saying how much they like my red hair, which is nice, because I used to get teased for it at school! Look out for a picture of me combing my hair... above and below, I think!

Dear Lucy,
I've always been a big fan of yours, so you can imagine my delight when I read you were to be the new regular girl. I can't quite put my finger on your finest feature (though I'd certainly like to!), but after much deliberation, I reckon it's that innocent, sexy smile!

Also, after watching the Olympics, I'd love to see you dressed up in skimpy running shorts and a cut-off vest. Where would I pin that medal, though? — *Tim, York*

Thanks for your suggestion, Tim, sounds sexy! I have to admit I was quite shy when I first started posing in Club, but every month I feel a little more daring – that's the effect you lot have on me!

Dear Lucy,
While I've always been a fan of Club, I was surprised to find my girlfriend, Cathy, has been buying it ever since you were made the regular girl!

She says her fantasy would be for me to come home and find you two in bed together. Cathy would stutter an apology, before inviting me to join you both. Sounds like fun to me! — *Chris, Kent*

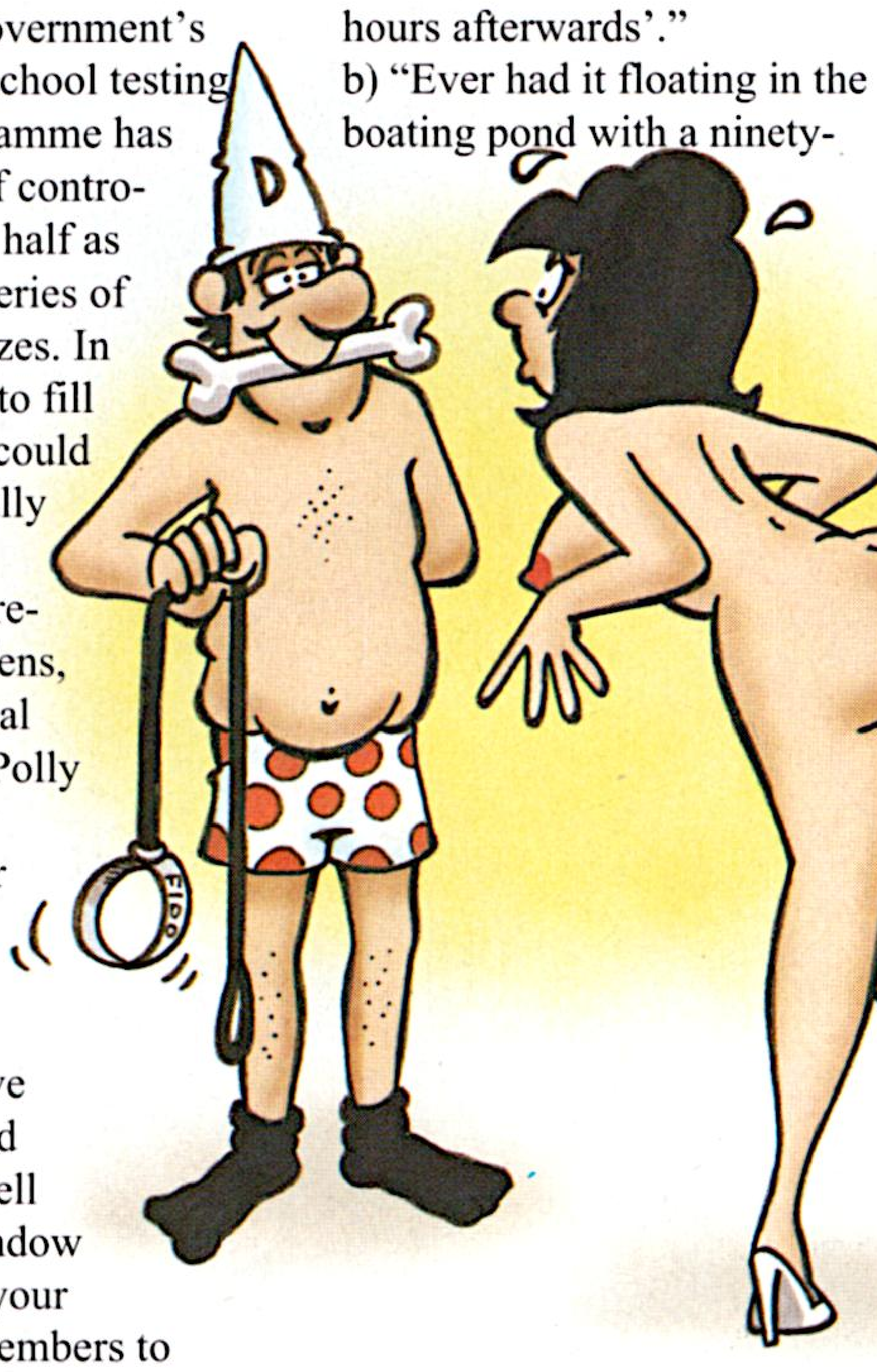
Naughty boy! It's nice to know that both of you like my pictures. All these horny letters are making me feel a little bit more adventurous every month. So who knows how I'll feel by Christmas! ♣

quiz

ARE YOU STUPID?

Find out if you're thicker than a MacDonald's shake with quizmaster **Polly Veldt-Shoes**...

The Government's new school testing programme has caused a lot of controversy, but not half as much as our series of mindless quizzes. In this latest bid to fill up space that could be more usefully devoted to pictures of bare-breasted maidens, our Educational Psychologist Polly Veldt-Shoes measures your intelligence: pass and you've a certified twelve incher; fail and you may as well stand on a window sill and hope your girlfriend remembers to water you once a week.

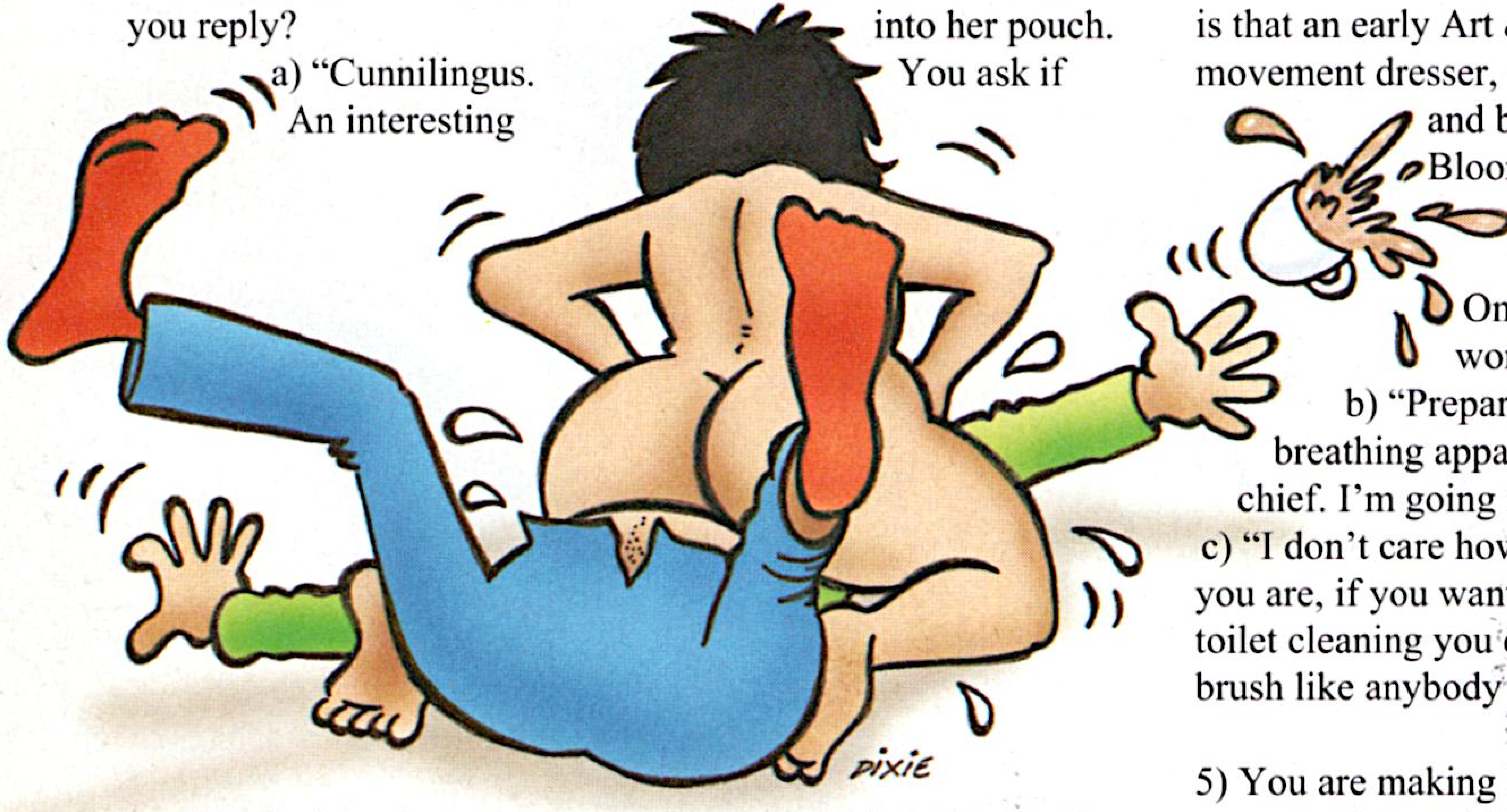


1) On a sunny day you are sitting in the park eating an ice cream when a gorgeous girl in cut-off jeans and a bikini top that's fuller than a kleptomaniac's pockets comes up to you and says: "I like the way you lick that thing. I'm a cunnilingus woman myself." What do you reply?

a) "Cunnilingus. An interesting word. It derives from the Greek *cunni*, meaning 'female genitalia', and *lingus* meaning 'the taste stays in your mouth for hours and hours afterwards'."

b) "Ever had it floating in the boating pond with a ninety-nine stuck over one nipple?"

c) "Brilliant! Any chance of a free flight to Dublin, luv?"



2) You go to the video shop and find there's a pert Aussie babe working behind the counter. One look at the jostling in her 'Save The Great Red Kangaroo' t-shirt and you're eager to bounce into her pouch. You ask if there's anything new in. She tells you she's just got *Fern Gully*. What do you say?

a) "Ecology and the destruction of the rainforest are serious matters which I for one think are misrepresented by trite, sentimentalised Hollywood cartoons. Have you got the latest Merchant-Ivory?"

b) "I don't know much about ecology. Maybe you and I can get together and watch it sometime. I bet you're good at raising awareness Down Under."

c) "Better see a gynaecologist immediately then, pet."

3) You are dancing with a girl at a party and things seem to be going pretty well. Then, as you begin to slide your hands down her back, she tells you that she can't sleep with you because of her moral convictions. What do you reply?

a) "How marvellous. Now tell me, are they philosophically or religiously based? Personally I'm a great believer in Platonism."

b) "While I deeply respect your code of beliefs, as a Professor of Ethics I can categorically state that a quick blowjob won't infringe them."

c) "I don't care if you have been to jail, luv. I'll knob anyone."

4) You meet a foxy chick at a disco. She invites you back to her place for a coffee. No sooner is the percolator bubbling than she flings herself across the sideboard, hikes up her skirt and begs you to "Lick her private parts". What do you say?

a) "Wow! Am I mistaken, or is that an early Art & Crafts movement dresser, designed and built in Bloomsbury's influential Omega workshops?"

b) "Prepare the breathing apparatus, chief. I'm going in."

c) "I don't care how sexy you are, if you want your toilet cleaning you can use a brush like anybody else."

5) You are making love to a woman when suddenly she gasps passionately, "Make me come! Do it to me doggy-style". What do you do?

a) Look at her with an intrigued expression and say, "Isn't it fascinating how the word 'come' has replaced the Elizabethan 'spend' as our principle slang word for orgasm. And why do we choose to term it doggy-style when all mammals have sexual congress in the same manner? Surely aardvark-style would be more exotic?"

b) Turn her over and bonk her till her cries of ecstasy crack the double glazing.

c) Whistle loudly and bellow, "Rover! Rover! Get over here!"

6) You are in bed with a woman. She confesses that she enjoys being digitally stimulated. What do you do?

a) Fix her with an amused grin and point out that the phrasing of her request leaves room for ambiguity: does she mean she wants to have her digits stimulated, or is it, as seems more likely, that she wants to be stimulated by your digits? In either case any masturbatory pleasures will have to be prefaced by a brief, but necessary lesson in sentence structure.

b) Smile smugly and say, "You're in luck, babe, I'm the British Nintendo champion."

c) Grab the telephone directory and read out selected numbers to her in a sexy voice.

Scoring

Mainly As: With your interest in philosophy and art, and your deep-rooted knowledge of history and grammar it's clear that you must be a bit of an egghead. Just one

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ARSE FROM THE PAST

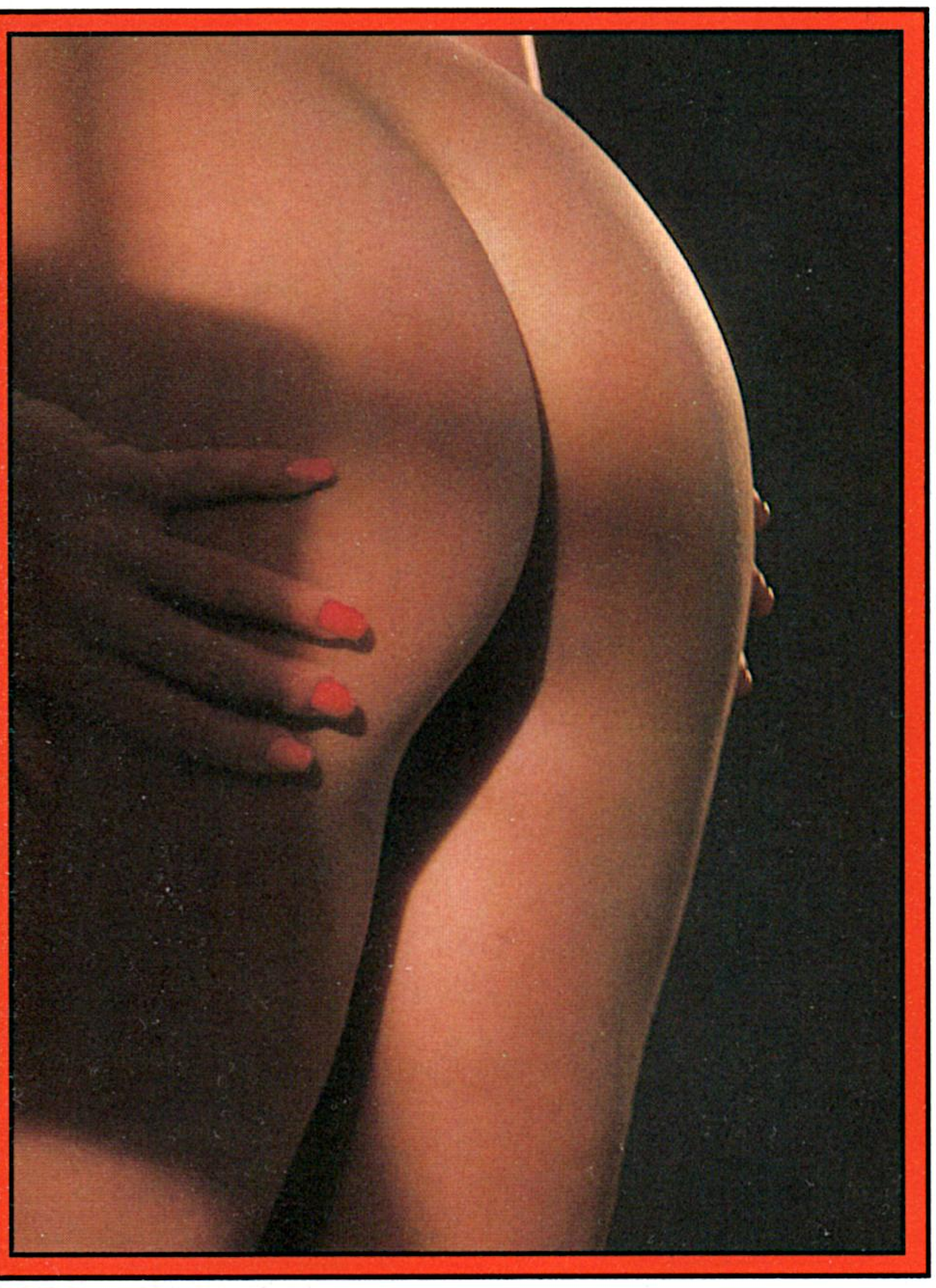
Club's last lookback with behind sight probes the posterior in the present day.

The following is an exclusive extract from a report by Dr Milton Keynes of the London School of Cheekonomics:

"It's 1992, and shortly things will be coming down all over Europe. Barriers will be torn apart leaving everything up for grabs in a frenzied free-for-all that will make the EC's most outstanding members bigger than they've ever been before. The question is, will Britain manage to take the matter in hand and come into its own – or will the bottom drop out leaving us more than a little behind?

"We are talking free market economics here *(Oh, shit, are we? I thought this was meant to be about arses – The Ed)*. Britain needs to specialise – and our bottoms are tops. If we are to survive in the new order, we need to take a long hard look at arses, then act. Our pert bummed beauties must be forward in going backward. If they stick it out, we could shoot for the moon! That's the bottom line, chaps. Go for it!"

Dr Milton Keynes is currently attending the Betty Drinks Carling Black Label Clinic for an alcohol problem. ♣



IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

grinned my husband. "Go on! Give the lads a kiss!" Steve turned to me and planted the biggest kiss on my lips, pushing his tongue down my throat. I felt so turned on getting a snog from a stranger that I ran my hands over his body as he grabbed my bum and pulled me closer.

I couldn't believe my husband didn't mind, but judging by his dirty grin he was getting as turned on as I was! Steve then pulled my dress up over my head and let it fall to the ground. There I was, naked except for my white panties that already had a huge wet patch everyone could see. Steve stepped back a little to look at my curvy body before grabbing me once more.

But this time he went further. Slipping both hands into my panties, he let his fingers trace the outline of my cunt lips before finding my clitty. I was tingling with every touch as he slipped a finger up inside me. I gasped with the shock and nearly came straight away!

Suddenly I felt another pair of hands on my body. Tony began cupping my tits and rolling my nipples between his thumb and forefinger, at the same time pressing his hard, naked cock against my bum. Turning round, I sank to my knees, greedily sucking his knob and stroking his balls with my fingertips.

All this attention was driving me crazy – I had to have a good fuck and soon! As I sucked on Tony's cock I felt a wet tongue flick over my cunt lips, and there behind me was my husband, Pete. He looked up and smiled as if to say 'Go on!'

Well, that was all the encouragement I needed. I turned back to give Tony's cock another seeing to just as Pete shoved his tongue right up inside my cunt. The feeling of having two men at the same time soon had me screaming out as my first orgasm rippled through me.

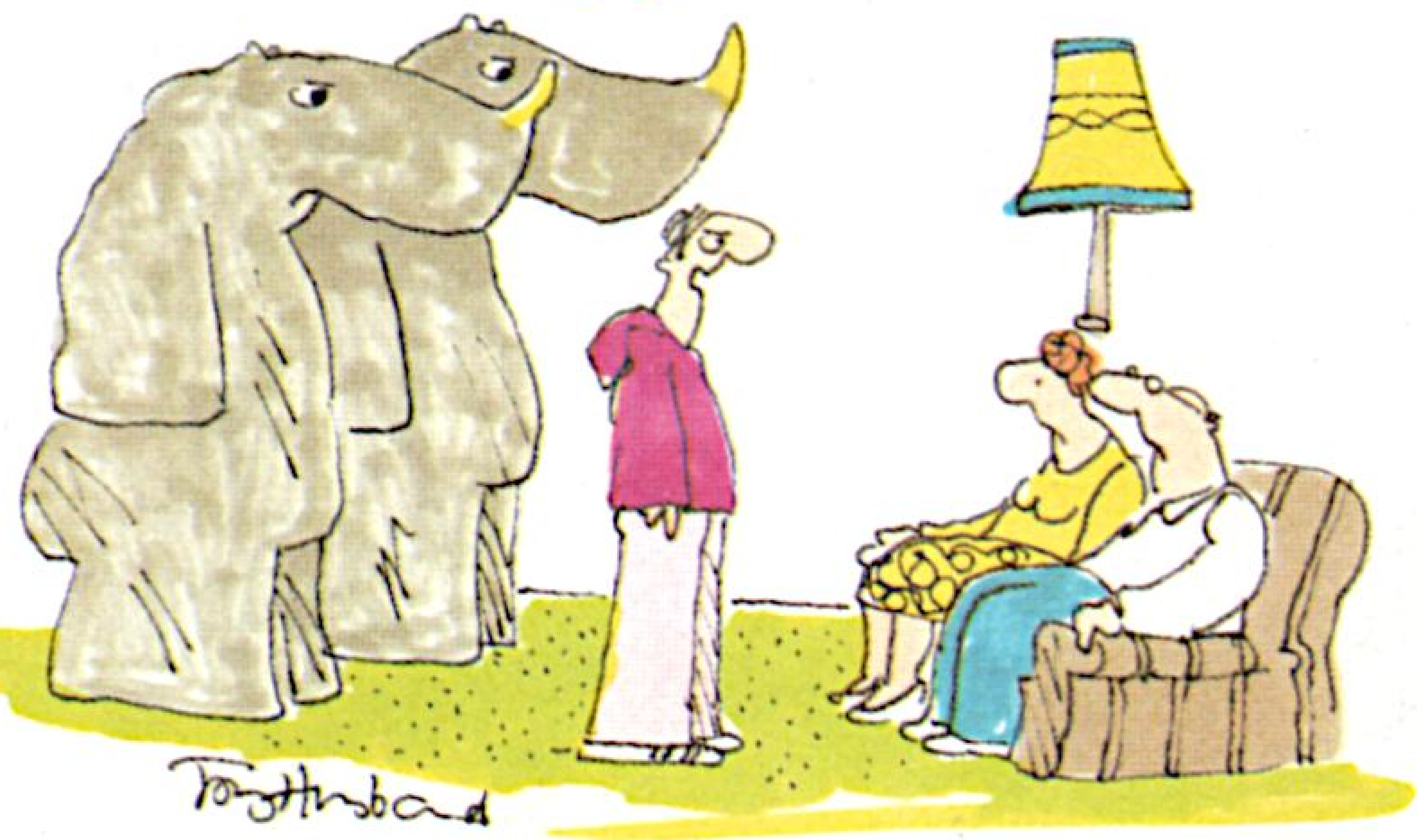
Knowing there was still more to come, I carried on sucking, pumping faster and faster with my mouth as Pete sank his length into me, his balls nestling against my arse. Just then, I felt the cock in my mouth jerk as a huge explosion of come burst all over my tongue and shot down my throat. I couldn't swallow fast enough and as his spurting dick popped from my mouth even more of his hot spunk shot over my face and tits.

By now my second climax was rushing through my body, as Steve took Tony's place and shoved his hard-on in my mouth. Pete was still banging away like mad when I heard his breath quicken and his movements become

continued on page 31

EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE

Everyone else stopped laughing after Tony Husband's 40th rhino gag. But the Ed still likes 'em.



"Look, I'm 18 now and free to choose my own friends..."

problem: if you're such a smartarse, why have you just wasted five minutes of your life doing this quiz when you could have been gazing at some of the top quality bums on the next page?

Mainly Bs: Sharp-witted, quick thinking, terrific in bed and with an eye for what you want and the know-how to go out and get it. That's a fair description of many of Club's readers. But not the ones who piss around answering feeble questionnaires by circling the answers they think will make them look sexiest and then leaving the mag lying around where they hope their girlfriend will see it. He's a thick twat. Take my advice, luv, dump him!

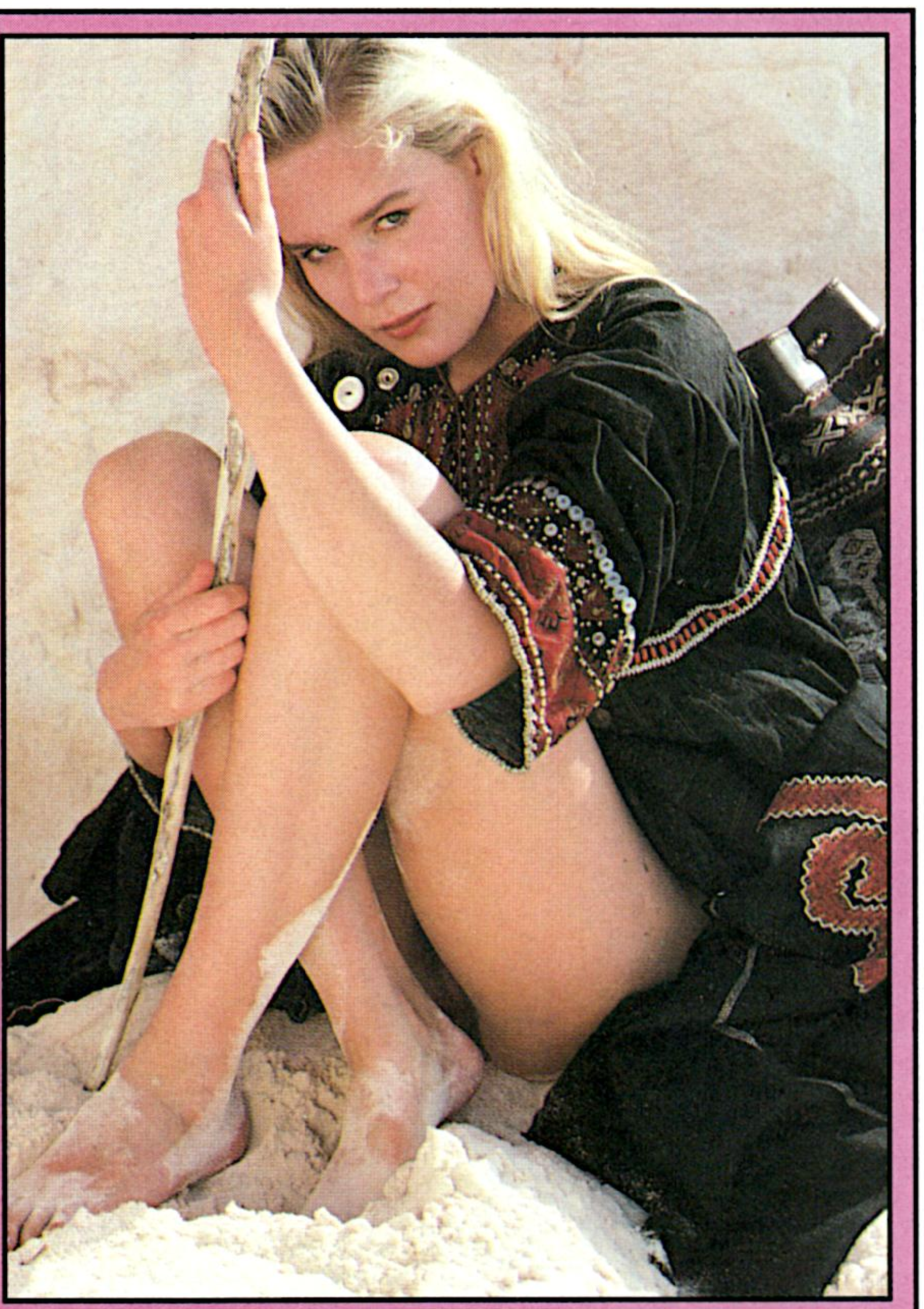
Mainly Cs: You are a first-class honours graduate from the University of Life. Unfortunately your PhD seems to have been in 'Imitating the thought processes of a Dutch cheese'. You probably only bought this copy of Club because you thought it was about Stone Age weapons. So, when you've finished flicking through it looking for pictures of dinosaurs, why not entertain yourself by taking part in a trivia quiz against the contents of your fridge? Who knows, you might even come second. Just behind the green mould underneath the egg shelf. ♣

Dear Sally,

I've always liked blonde girls, and your pictures in Club (Vol 21 No 9) gave me a real thrill. For me there's no bigger turn-on than seeing a gorgeous woman with long, flowing blonde hair tumbling down around her shoulders.

I can just imagine going into a West End wine bar for a drink after work. I'm sitting at my table waiting to order when I hear a voice, "Can I help you?" I look up to see you standing there dressed in seamed black stockings and high heels, with your shirt open one button too many to show off your sexy cleavage.

Before I have a chance to answer, you take me by the hand and lead me down to the wine cellar. "Maybe you'll find something to interest you here," you purr, letting your long hair down and dropping to your knees. I run my fingers through your blonde locks as you unzip me and then start to tongue my shaft. You cup my swollen balls in your hand as you start to lick the head of my dick, then suck it right into your hot mouth.



As I feel my spunk surge up I yell, "I'm going to come!" You take the first spurt of spunk down your throat, then slide my cock out of your mouth and hold it a couple of inches from your face, coating your mouth and blonde locks in spunk. So how about it, Sally? I'm one gentleman who *definitely* prefers blondes! – *Colin, Leeds*

I bet you are, Colin; and judging by your letter you'd certainly know how to handle me! But let me tell you, I'm very demanding when it comes to sex – and we'd probably be in that cellar for, oooh, hours and hours! Could you handle that, Colin?! ♣

Photographs by Jon Harroll

char

"Having a boy's name always confused people when I was younger," sighed the cherubic Charlie, a 22-year-old nurse from Cambridge, as she peeled off her sexy ripped jeans for our photographer in her smart city centre flat. "I was a skinny little thing then, and strangers were always mistaking me for a

lie

little lad. That all stopped when I grew these boobs, though!

"I still wear boyish clothes, but when you've got nipples like mine rubbing against a t-shirt and a bum like mine showing through the ripped jeans there's no doubt you've got a girl on your hands, is there?"♣

Photographs by Harry Linden

jasmine

"I guess I'm just a country girl at heart," purred the lovely Jasmine as she reclined on her Laura Ashley-style bedspread. "I suppose you can tell that just from looking around my room!"

Twenty-one-year-old Jasmine, our centrefold back in July, insisted that this time we should photograph her at home. "I thought it would help Club readers to see

what I'm really like. This is just what any guy will see if he's lucky enough to get invited back to my place – all pretty cushions, flowery bedspreads and clean, crisp sheets...

"In fact, this bed is the only place I've ever made love. Whenever I have sex here, it makes me feel just as pure and virginal as the first time. I love it!"♣

SAVE OUR SSSIs

Britain's Sites of Special Sexual Interest are disappearing faster than Bruce Willis's hair, says Campaign Editor **Emma Rhoids**...

I think it was Doctor Johnson who said, "If it hadn't been for Hampstead Heath I'd still be a virgin today," or was it Harvey Proctor? Anyway, that's not important. What is important is that millions of acres of Britain's best mating grounds are under threat. Under threat from greedy farmers, double-dealing property developers and, most worrying of all, girls who would rather screw in the comfort and warmth of their own beds!

In the time it takes you to read *War and Peace* an area the size of a double drawer divan is destroyed – forever. The natural habitat of the adventurous lover (and those of us who have to do it outside because we still live at home with our parents who never, ever go out) is disappearing right before our very eyes. Look... there goes another one now!

When I was a young lad, bus shelters were *the* place. Snuggled up in a dark corner between the suspicious smelling stain on the back wall and the strange smelling tramp on the bench, you and your loved one could enjoy a slow bag of chips for two and a quick climax for one.

But what happened? The bleedin' council knocked the sodding bus shelter down and put up a pole. And all the new ones are made of glass – which is all very well for the exhibitionists amongst you, but it's a bit too much like bonking in a goldfish bowl for my liking.

And as if that wasn't enough, the office, for a long time the domain of dirty goings-on over the desk, has gone open plan. No more the sound of girly giggles emanating from an oak-panelled door, punctuated only by the familiar clacking of an executive's metal balls.

Even the backseat of your dad's car isn't what it used to be – especially when he hasn't got a car, or worse still, drives a Nissan Micra. And as for the back row of the bingo hall – forget it, they've turned that into a bloody cinema!

But perhaps the most disturbing development is the rapid disappearance of the fucking fields, the green and pleasant lands where, even in Wordsworth's day, "A host of golden daffodils... is truly as good a place as I can imagine to get cock-deep in a bit of hungry fanny," though I may be paraphrasing there, somewhat.

For in the days before rabbits even thought of moving to the country; when meadow pippits lived in semi-detatched houses in Slough, and farmers were something you got from sitting on cold concrete, young men and women were enjoying a sunny day going wild in the country while the barley tickled your balls and a frisky Fresian licked her arse. Those were the days indeed...

But now, the place where you used to give the dog a bone is buried six feet beneath the fresh meat counter of an out-of-town Asda Savacentre.

Our message is clear. In the words of the legendary Diana Ross, "STOP! In the name of love, before you break our hearts. STOP! In the name of love, before you go too far."

Ask yourself: what would our world be like without the great outdoors to shag in, eh? At this rate we'll have to go back to doing it in bed, and then where would we be?

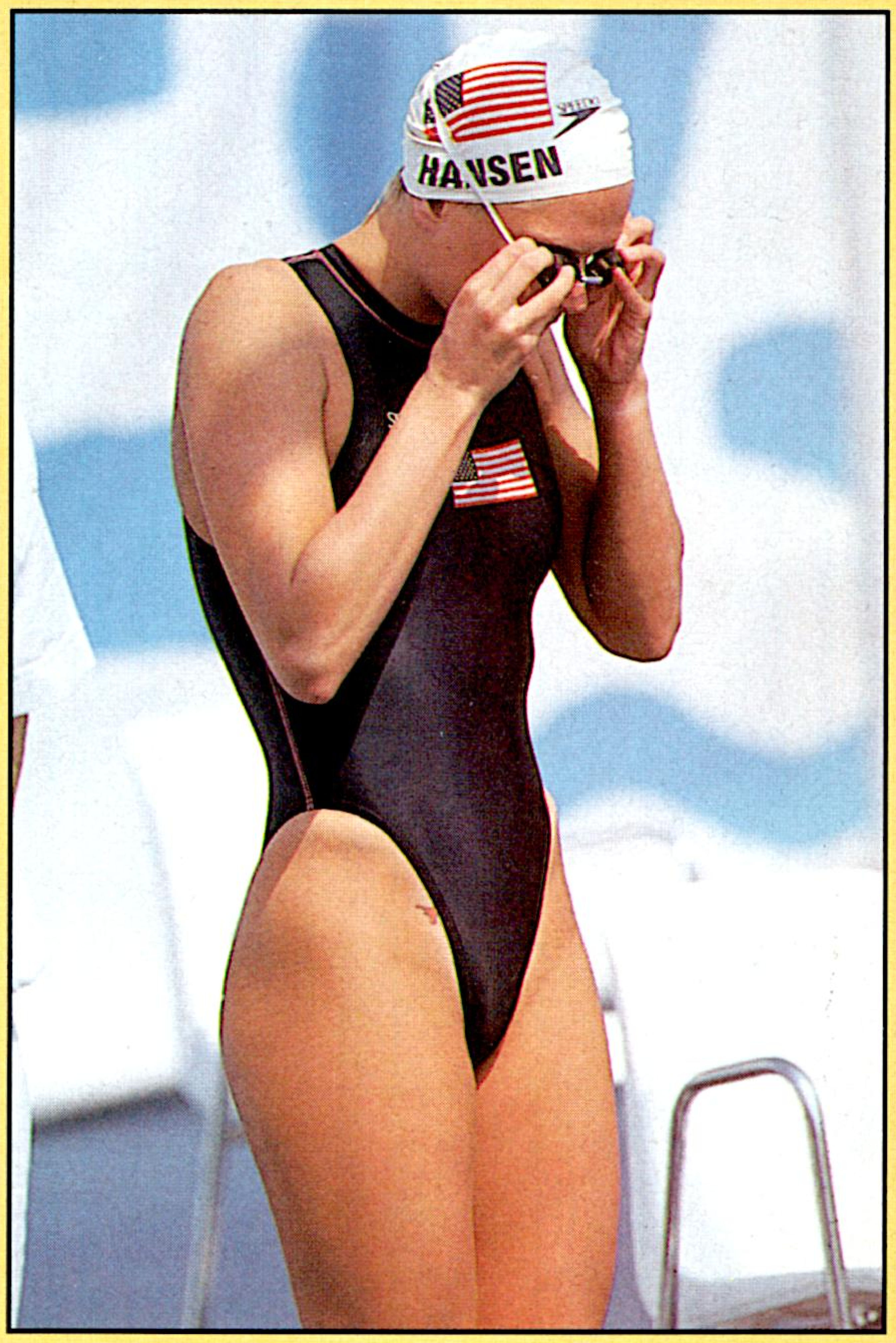
That's right, in bed! ♣

Disappearing Britain: countryside views like this are now ruined by shopping centres. (Eh? – Ed.)

ATE MIL

When it comes to our video competitions, we take a certain pride here at Club in offering you the very worst of the cut-down, censored, American stuff that nobody else wants. Of course, you lot snap 'em up thinking that you're gonna get something that's hotter than a Sumo wrestler's jockstrap, when in fact you're likely to see more tits in an afternoon edition of Geoffrey Smith's World of Flowers ***(Wednesday, ITV, 12.45pm).***

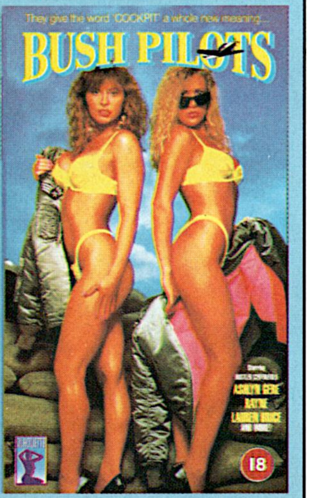
Well, just for a change, we're offering you the chance to win one of ten videos called Bush Pilots **that has a fairly coherent storyline, a sort of feasible plot, goodish acting... in fact everything you'd expect from a decent vid; but with loads of nubile nymphos strutting around butt naked! Starring the twin talents of Ashlyn Gere and Rayne,** Bush Pilots **is the story of two**



ES HIGH

female helicopter pilots who give their clients a very special kind of service – whether they're in the clouds or in the sack!

If you want to get your hands on a copy of Bush Pilots, then answer this tough question: Which Royal wrote a children's book called 'Budgie the Helicopter' last year? a) The Queen, b) Phil the Greek or c) Fergie. Answers on the back of a ten pound note, alright a postcard, to the usual address. ♣



IN THE BAG

continued from page 21

faster. With a final push I felt his cock spurt inside me and I came again, my own love juices gushing out of me and down the inside of my thighs.

As the last of Pete's come was shooting into me, I felt the cock in my mouth stiffen as the second load of spunk that evening pumped into my mouth. I stayed on all fours for one more minute, feeling both cocks slowly drain themselves dry inside me.

After lying on the grass for a few minutes to get our breath back, we all stumbled off to our tents. The next morning the two lads had gone, leaving just a thank you note outside our tent door. What a way to start a holiday! If this is the sort of thing that normally goes on in the country, I'm moving there! – *Poppy, Preston*

Video Thrill

For all those girls out there who think there is no more to life than men – take a leaf out of my book!

I've just split up with my boyfriend after two years. It was a bad relationship to begin with and the whole thing nearly put me off men completely. I was round at my friend Becca's, enjoying a drink and listening to her try and reassure me that not all men are the same, but I told her I was fed up and not interested in any guys just yet. Then she said something that nearly made me choke on my drink: "Well, men aren't the only ones, you know!"

"What do you mean?" I asked, baffled.

"Come on, I'll show you," she said softly.

She put a video cassette into the machine, then came back and sat down next to me. "I think you might like this," she giggled.

There on the screen was a woman wriggling round on a bed masturbating. After a while, she got out a huge vibrator and started frigging herself with it! At first I felt embarrassed, but soon I found I was getting pretty excited watching this beautiful woman writhing around in front of me. Becca soon noticed my eyes widening. "I can see this is turning you on as much as it is me," she said, pointing to my wet panties under my short skirt.

I blushed bright red, and then stared open-mouthed as she pulled up her skirt, revealing she had no knickers on. Then she pushed two fingers into her love tunnel and pulled them out, sopping wet. She slid one into her mouth and sucked her own juice off, then offered me her other finger saying, "Why don't you try it?"

BEC
Tony Husband

Well, I couldn't think of any reason not to, and to be honest, I didn't want a reason! I took hold of her hand and licked her delicious love juices off her finger.

A tingling sensation shot down my spine and towards my cunt. We kissed and undressed each other until I was standing there naked except for my soaking silk knickers.

I was just about to take them off too when Becca took my hand and led me into her bedroom. She lay me on the bed and began licking and sucking my whole body, starting at my mouth and moving down to circle my breasts before sucking my nipples to rock hard peaks. Then she moved down over my thighs, each flick of her expert tongue sending shock waves through my entire body. I looked down and gasped as I saw her move

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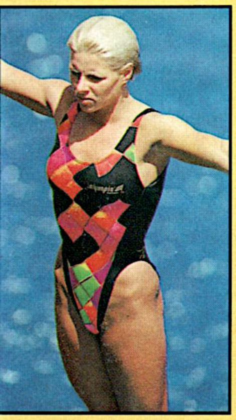
BLIMEY, DESMOND!

Never let it be said that we don't take minority sports coverage seriously here at Club International — especially when it features good-looking birds! While most of the UK press contingent at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics were intent on capturing Linford Christie's 100m victory, our man was capturing some of the more eye catching events.

Whether perched at the side of the swimming pool, on the edge of a diving board or snapping the floor exercises, we reckon our Olympic team captured the *real* spirit and essence of Barcelona. And we got gold for Britain in freestyle fanny-watching to boot! ♣

Our team was so busy snapping, they forgot to note down who the athletes were. So, clockwise from below left: a hairy diver; a horny swimmer; synchronised slippery bits; a perfect ringpiece; it's a stick-up; and... er... thar she blows!



[redacted]

Nineteen-year-old Carla may have only made her nude modelling debut two months ago in Club, but already the sexy student from South London has a list of admirers longer than her arm.

"My photographs are even up in the student bar," says Carla excitedly. "Put there by an anonymous admirer, no less!

"I've always liked being the centre of

Photographs by Jack Harrison

carla

attention, and I've never had any trouble getting a fella interested in me," purrs the bubbly brunette. "Whenever I go to the student bar, I pride myself on

being able to seduce any man there," adds Carla, cupping her boobs. "I'll walk over to a likely looking fella, give him a peck on the cheek and whisper in his ear." And what exactly would you say, Carla? "I'll ask him if he wants to get off with a Club model. It always works!" ♣

IT'S NOT CRICKET

Italian football, stomach pumps and gymnasts' bottoms. Yes, it's another sunny afternoon on the pitch with **Maurice Short**...

As England's cricketers pack up their paraphernalia for this winter's tour to India – you know the sort of thing, bat, pads, gloves, stomach pump – it affords us an opportunity to look at the summer game as it is played on the sub-continent. For as well as producing some of history's greatest players, India is also something of a sporting eccentricity.

This column has already drawn attention to that nascent sumo wrestler of the umpiring world, Swaroob Krishan – a gentleman so fat that it is said if you slap him on the back the ripples would still be breaking over his ankles a week later. Sadly, Swaroob has now retired from international cricket and gone to work for the Indian Ministry of Transport as a roundabout. Nevertheless, a glance through the annals of the game show that if the past is anything to go on, a weird and wacky figure will soon emerge to take up the torch of Indian cricket oddness.

Someone, perhaps, like the early sporting Maharajahs, who generally assumed the captaincy of India in the years between the Wars. They were useless at cricket, but they were rich enough to pay for the team's equipment and expenses.

These gentlemen generally refused to field on the grounds that it was too energetic and therefore beneath their dignity, though they were often so fond of batting that they insisted not only on having several innings for their own team, but also on taking guard for the opposition as well! In one match, versus the MCC, play was interrupted not by bad light or rain, but because the entire fielding team had been ordered onto their knees to search for an emerald earring which their skipper had dropped during one of his many visits to the wicket.

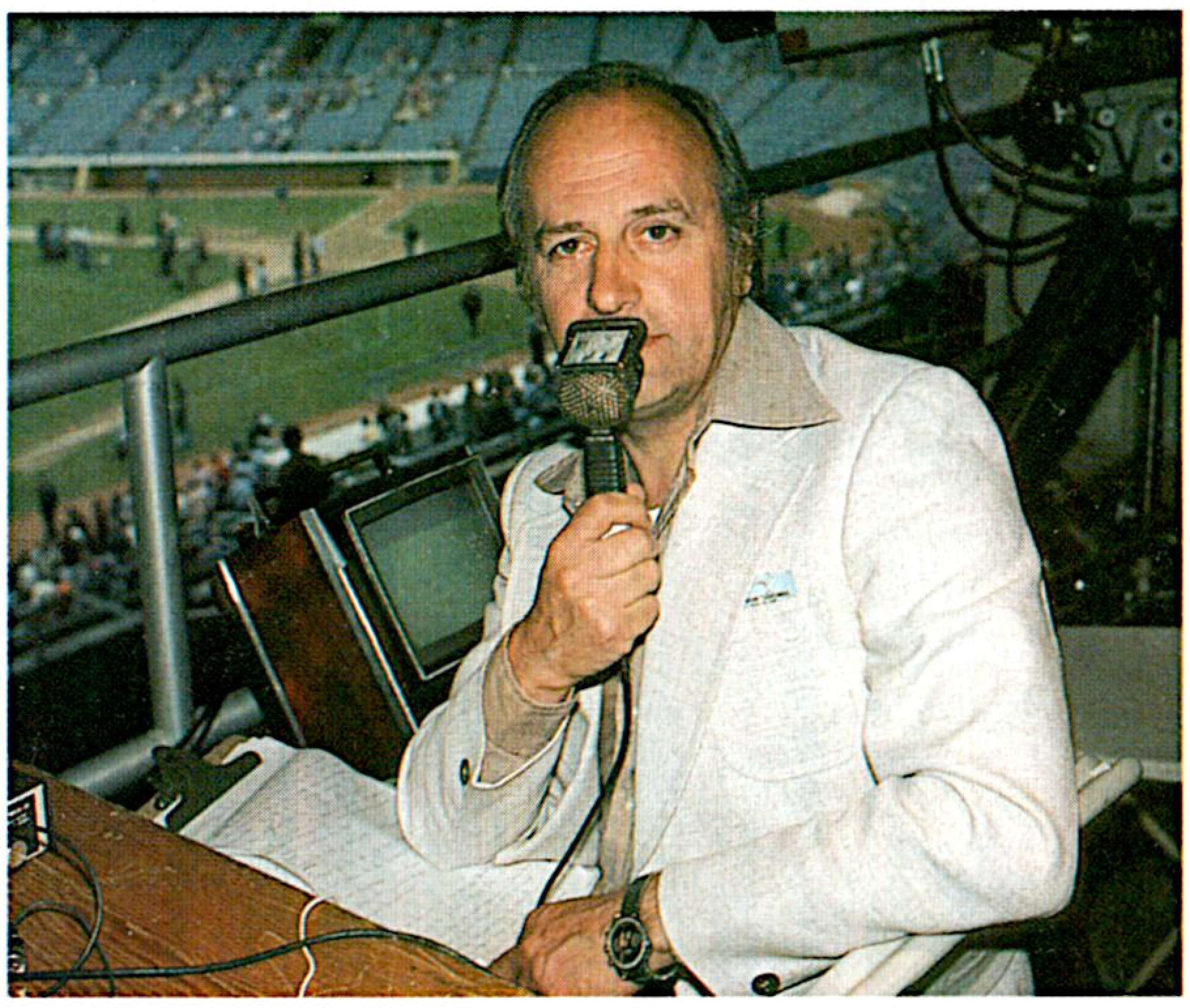
In order to prolong his career as a cricketing lord and master, the Maharajah of Vizianagram (who captained India on the 1934 tour of England) took up the position of commentator with All India Radio. In keeping with his attitude during his playing days, however, this venerable gentleman refused to comment on dull passages of play, much preferring simply to seize the microphone when anything exciting happened.

A Sri Lankan acquaintance of mine recalls one such incident during a test match between India and Australia in the 1950s. An Aussie batsman had skied a shot and it looked as if he was going to be caught on the boundary. This was the cue for the Maharajah to grab the mic from the regular commentator and paint a vivid verbal picture of the action: "In the air, and Pronub Roy is under it. Roy is going to catch it. Roy... oh my God! He's dropped it, the blackguard!" Eat your heart out, Jonathen Agnew.

Karl Heinz 'Jimmy' Riedle

● Viewers of *Channel 4* are no doubt glued to their sets every Sunday afternoon now, feasting on an exciting diet of bribery, corruption, drugs and bad acting.

No, it's not a relaunch of *Dallas* – it's Italian football. At last, us Brits can watch some of the world's greatest players. And David Platt.



Brian Moore's cleverly disguised ears (circa 1976)

Although the English contingent of Platt (whose goofy grin and popping-out eyes suggest that his name has an L where an R should be), Walker and Gazza will obviously bring skill and strength to Serie A, I'm sure their most important contribution will be in the dressing room. Because although British players may lag behind the continentals in playing technique, in the nicknaming department they remain supreme.

Now the brilliant wit which came up with Brian 'Chocolate' McClair, Gordon 'Juke Box' Dury and Ian 'Rushdie' Rush can be unleashed on our unsuspecting friends from across the water. In weeks to come expect to see puzzled looks on the faces of Lazio's German internationals Thomas Doll and Karl-Heinz Riedle as a portly Geordie constantly refers to them as 'Cindy' and 'Jimmy'. And will Juventus's Roberto Baggio ever recover from being called 'Blue Peter'?

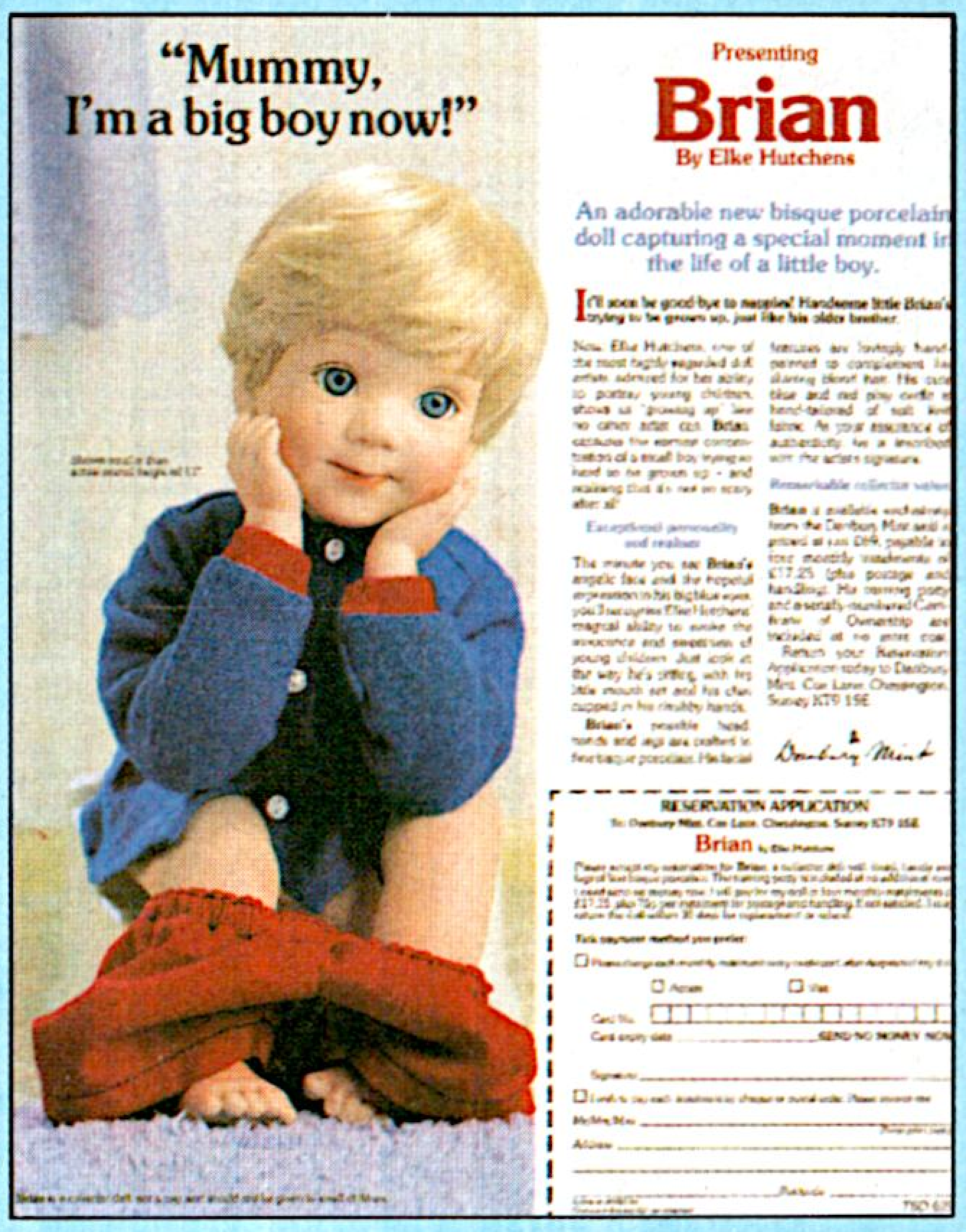
● Language students will doubtless be delighted to learn about the latest additions to the Baretitz Language School list of European Footballing Phrasebooks. Fresh on the heels of Ian Rush's 'Italian For Beginners' (at 55p surely the most expensive volume page for page in the history of publishing) and Paul Gascoigne's 'The Industrial Language of Rome' (including the useful chapter '50 Phrases to Start A Fight') comes Chris Waddle's 'French For Consumers'.

AAAAAAAH!

It's not often that the cynical, callous bunch in the Club office are moved to tears. But something in us gave way when we saw this touching advertisement in *The News of the World's Sunday* magazine, and we just had to share the experience with you, our loving family of loyal readers.

'Brian' stands, or rather sits, eleven inches high, and yes, he is doing exactly what you think he's doing. Taking a crap. It seems *Sunday* readers are queueing up to buy this charming little porcelain doll at the bargain price of, wait for it, £70. Those of you who also fancy putting a model of a sprog taking a dump on your mantelpiece will no doubt be comforted to know that Brian's training potty comes at no extra cost whatsoever!

We were actually going to phone up the manufacturers of loveable Brian so that we could say really funny things like "Is he your number one seller?" and "Did you think of giving him a stool?" but we couldn't stop laughing at our own feeble attempts at bum gags. Sorry. ♣



"Mummy, I'm a big boy now!"

Presenting

Brian

By Elke Hutchens

An adorable new bisque porcelain doll capturing a special moment in the life of a little boy.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Brian

Using all his experience of life on the Riviera, Chris has certainly come up with a series of sentences that will be invaluable to anyone wishing to shop across the Channel. Going for a haircut? Then consult Chris: "Bonjour monsieur, je desire le chevaux coute a la derriere de cochon de hedge." (Hello sir, I would like my hair cut in the style of a hedgehog's bottom). Visiting a record shop? Then go with Waddle: "Bonjour monsieur, avez vous le disc merde de Glen et Chris?" To which the answer will be a decisive "Non!"

Many additional volumes are being planned for the New Year. I eagerly await 'Danish For Jailbirds' by Jan Molby, and his Liverpool colleague John Barnes' effort which according to advance publicity includes the phrase: "I would like to play abroad," translated into 127 different languages, and the words "So what?" into 128.

● Over recent months it has come to my attention that many national newspapers are filling up space with an information section in which readers ask tedious, pedantic questions and receive replies from other sad bastards with nothing better to do with their lives than find out who holds the Bulgarian cornish pasty eating record *(It's Oleg Gristlov – Ed.)*. As I've never been one to miss out on a crap and lazy method of filling my slot, I've decided to do the same. So, if you know the answers to any of these, then please keep them to yourself.

Why do female gymnasts' leotards always get stuck up the cracks of their backsides?

Was Kristen Babb-Sprague wearing a condom over her head during her gold medal winning performance in the Olympic individual synchronised swimming, or does she look weird naturally?

Are those sports commentator Brian Moore's real ears, or is he just keeping a false pair warm for Mr Spock?

During the Barcelona Olympics how many different ways did Barry Davies find to pronounce 'Ukraine'?

Which boxer was it who said "I've never watched flat racing. But I bet they don't go very fast with all that furniture in them"?

● A mere four days after we predicted that Nigel Mansell would never become World Champion, the racing world's most miserable bastard did in fact do exactly that. And he smiled on television – several times. Sorry Nige. What do we know? ♣

Thomas 'Barbie' Doll

IN THE BAG

continued from page 31

slowly towards my silk covered pussy.

She began to lick at me through the moist barrier, and my hips jerked up off the bed, my hands instinctively grabbing her head to push her tongue further into my quivering pussy, her face now covering my raised mound. I felt my hips trembling as Becca burrowed deep into my pussy, her tongue moving slowly upwards and inwards.

I desperately wanted to get my first taste of her pussy, so we moved into the 69 position and I headed straight for Becca's hole. I buried my face into the heat and wetness and licked and sucked for all I was worth.

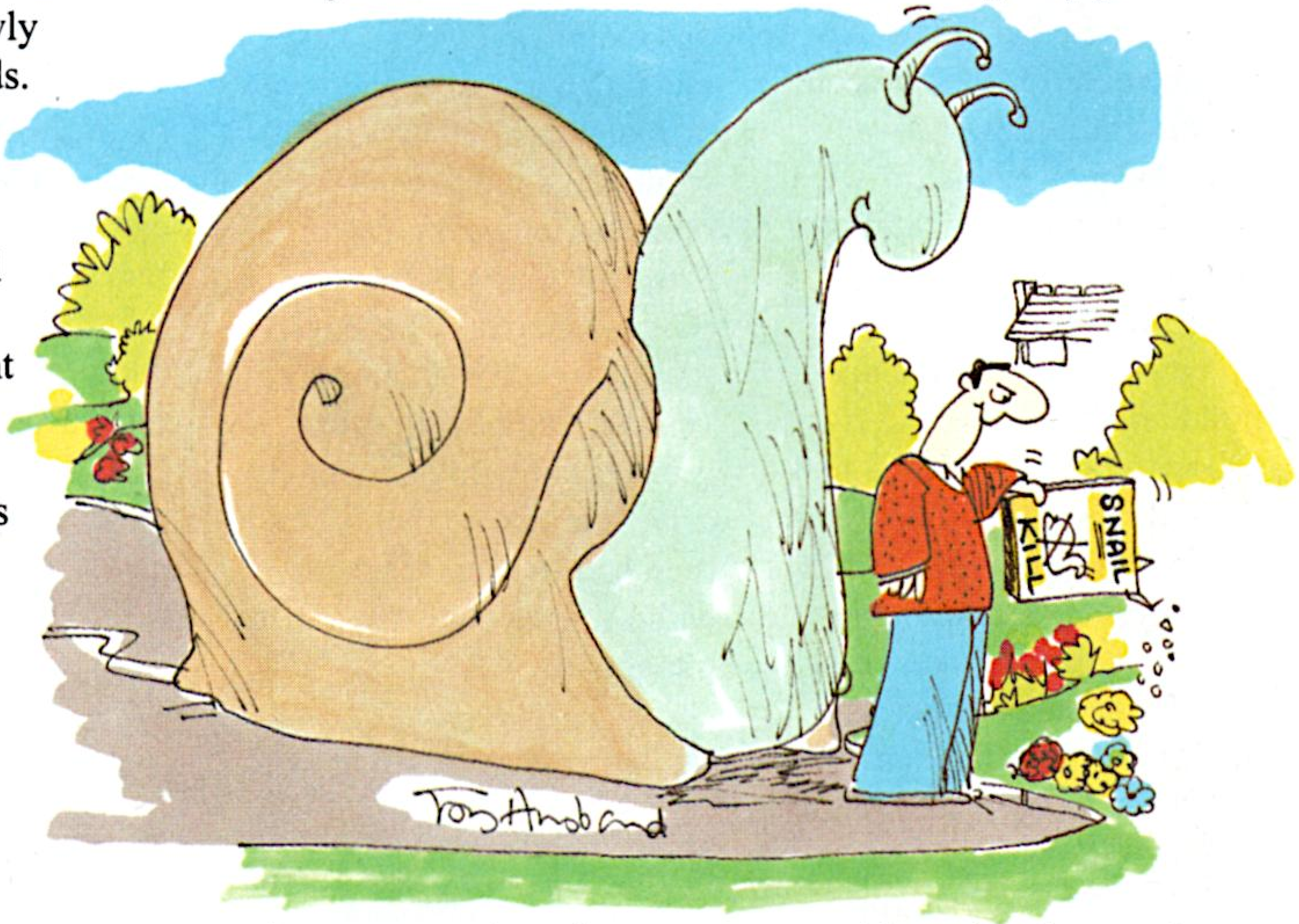
Although I had never done this before, I must have been good as I soon felt Becca shudder beneath me. I knew I was going to come soon and I wanted to make Becca come at the same time.

Becca's licking was getting more frantic now, and the mounds of my breasts were quivering like jelly. I was longing to come! I felt the intensity of the sensations running through me, and as I came I wanted to scream, but I didn't want to leave Becca's pussy untouched for one second; so I burrowed, deeper until she arched up off the bed. My orgasm was so great that I just had to scream then till we both collapsed, exhausted on the bed.

Becca suggested we went into the bathroom to clean ourselves up a bit. I didn't expect to find much more than a shower and a bath, but there in the middle was the most enormous jacuzzi I had ever seen. Becca filled it with warm water and I got in. She stayed out, kneeling behind me, massaging my shoulders and stroking my thighs through the bubbling water.

Then she climbed in, knelt in front of me and cupped my breasts, massaging my nipples and working up a creamy lather until they were erect.

Just then, I heard the front door open, and Becca's flatmate Joanne came in with her boyfriend Simon. To my amazement, Becca called out to them and they came into the bathroom and found us at it. Simon's cock immediately sprang to attention in his jeans. "Well.... we'll leave you two to it!" said Joanne, smiling. "Simon and I will make a start out here."



Meanwhile, Becca's long nails were gently parting my lips, probing inwards towards my waiting cunt. Suddenly she stopped, reached down into the water and pulled out a huge vibrator, just like the one from the video. My eyes almost popped out of their sockets!

Becca inserted the end between my pussy lips, teasing me, before sliding the barrel fully into me. I arched my hips upwards as I felt it fill me completely. She stirred it in circles, and pushed it back and forth, until I felt the oncoming spasms of delight rush through me. I splashed water everywhere as my convulsions grew more intense, until I finally I hit my peak.

"It must be your turn now," I said, and she smiled. We got out of the jacuzzi, and went back into Becca's room, still dripping wet. Joanne was busy giving Simon a blowjob on the bed.

I lay Becca face down on the edge of the bed beside them and spread her legs so my fingers could enter her. First one, then two, then three pushed into her cunt. I was about to explore her more when Simon gently pushed me aside and took over. I looked at Joanne and she smiled wickedly back. She was on her back holding her cunt open wide with one hand, and fingering herself with the other.

I moved her hand, and rubbed my face up and down her mound. I was enjoying myself so much I thought I could live without men forever, but it was Simon who changed my mind, as he slid his cock into me from behind. I looked back and then let him get on with it as I

continued on page 98

IN	OUT
Terence Trendy's tips for the top	
Suede	**Leather**
Body stockings	**Tights**
Platform shoes	**High heels**
Poison Ivy	*ET*
Water beds	**Sofa beds**
Harry Palmer	**James Bond**
Abba *(again?)*	**Erasure**
Grolsch	**Guarana**
Lollipops	**Chewing gum**
Hazlenut brown	**Peroxide blonde**
Smarties	**Smart E's** *(Cmon!)* ♣

SCHRRRUUUNNN!

Techno-fear? You will have after **Horst Pipe** takes you for a ride...

As if further proof were needed that Yours Truly is the man the industry bigwigs read and rely on, two shock announcements were made within hours of last month's Club hitting the streets.

In answer to my criticism of Toyota's boring line-up, the company has said a replacement for the outdated Supra is at last on the way. Powered by a four-litre V8, it should be good for 185mph+ and go on sale next year.

And BMW has bravely accepted the challenge to build an affordable sports car following my comments that these days only the Japs seem capable of building fast, fun, open two-seaters. However, as German car-workers now earn the same per hour as a top lawyer, it will be built in the States to keep the price down to £20,000. Based on 3-Series running gear, its styling promises to be reminiscent of the drop-door Z1 roadster, but less swanky.

● Amazing isn't it how something as functional and down-to-Earth as the Land Rover should attract the attention of such a bunch of beer-gutted townie spudheads who spend their weekends green-laning? Let's face it, aliens watching would probably think the Land Rover had actually been invented just to trash the environment, recognising green-laning for what it is: the most efficient way for one man in a 4x4 to do as much damage to a bridleway or footpath in 20 minutes as would take a thousand ramblers ten years. *Land Rover* by Chris Bennett (Osprey Books, £9.95) tells the story of this amazing vehicle, and of the type of grown men who deliberately drive them up to their axles in mud just so their mates in Millets jeans can winch them out again.

Green-laning beer-gutted spudheads everywhere... we present the Land Rover!

● *Technology and How It Works – No. 1: The New Road Traffic Act*
Some bastard camera snaps you commiting an offence, an electronic scanner reads your numberplate and a computer automatically mails out the fine/court summons/endorsement/ban. In Twickenham it took less than three weeks to catch more than 23,000 offenders – and that was with just one camera. Now rozzers are reckoning on catching 2.5million of us speeding and another 2million running reds. That's the bad news – unlike policemen, cameras never lie. The only good news is, most forces can't afford the camera equipment – yet. In fact it hails from Holland and is called a Gatso, but it should be called a Gotcha and given the chance I'll be sticking more than a finger up the dyke of the little Dutch boy who invented it.

● Ferrari, Bugatti, Maserati, Lamborghini. Fabulous, exotic, and evocative names which are shortly to be joined by another – the Metallwarenfabrik-Gemmingen TC522. Doesn't exactly trip auf der alt tongue does it, but with a twin turbocharged V8 and a semi-automatic gearbox (controlled by buttons on the steering wheel), Germany's entry into the 200mph club promises to do the business. Until that is someone blows one to bits by missing the hornbutton and accidentally shifting from fifth to first at 190mph.

● Which, incidentally, is the speed reached by another wacky Jappie chappie, Toru Kirikae, whilst making Japan's latest video chart-topper, *Driving My Ferrari F40 To The Limit.* Unfortunately as well as making the best-selling film he is making legal history as the first person ever to be charged with driving at three times the speed limit after shooting footage on the public highway.

Mitsubishi 3000GT – 155mph, 0-60 in 6 secs... a Porsche 968 it ain't

● Nearly 40 years on Chevrolet has just built its millionth Corvette, a more powerful version of the ZR1. Driven off the line by Zora Arkus-Duntov, the car's creator, the 405bhp V8 under its bonnet won't come in handy at all as the car is destined to spend its days standing still in the Chevy museum. 1,000,000-Up, it may be America's finest, but these days the best selling car over there is a Honda and the Yanks aren't at all happy about that. Their resentment recently boiled over at Carhenge, a replica of Stonehenge made out of scrap cars, where American druids tore down the two Jap models in the line-up and burnt them during the Summer Solstice.

● *Technology and How It Works – No 2: The Mitsubishi 3000GT*
Brilliantly, that's how it works and when H. Pipe comes to write his definitive powerkraut history (entitled, *Porsche Off*) the V6-engined 3000GT is going to be in the long chapter about all those cars I'd buy instead of a Porsche 968. It's got everything the Porker ought to have – fourwheel drive, fourwheel steering, electronically controlled suspension, active 'ground-effect' aerodynamics enabling the spoilers to move up and down automatically, and a whole load of other kit designed to make other motorists sick with envy, and Porsche owners wonder why they bothered spending more money on something with only four cylinders and a crap interior. Everything is standard – leather, airconditioning, power-this, power-that, multi-disc CD-autochanger, a sophisticated anti-theft system, even an airbag in case you stuff it into a wall. More importantly it's capable of 155mph, 0-60mph in under 6 seconds, and a standing quarter in just 14 seconds. With flawless handling and stunning roadholding, this sort of car would tempt even the Archbishop of Canterbury to pose for a winking Gatso.

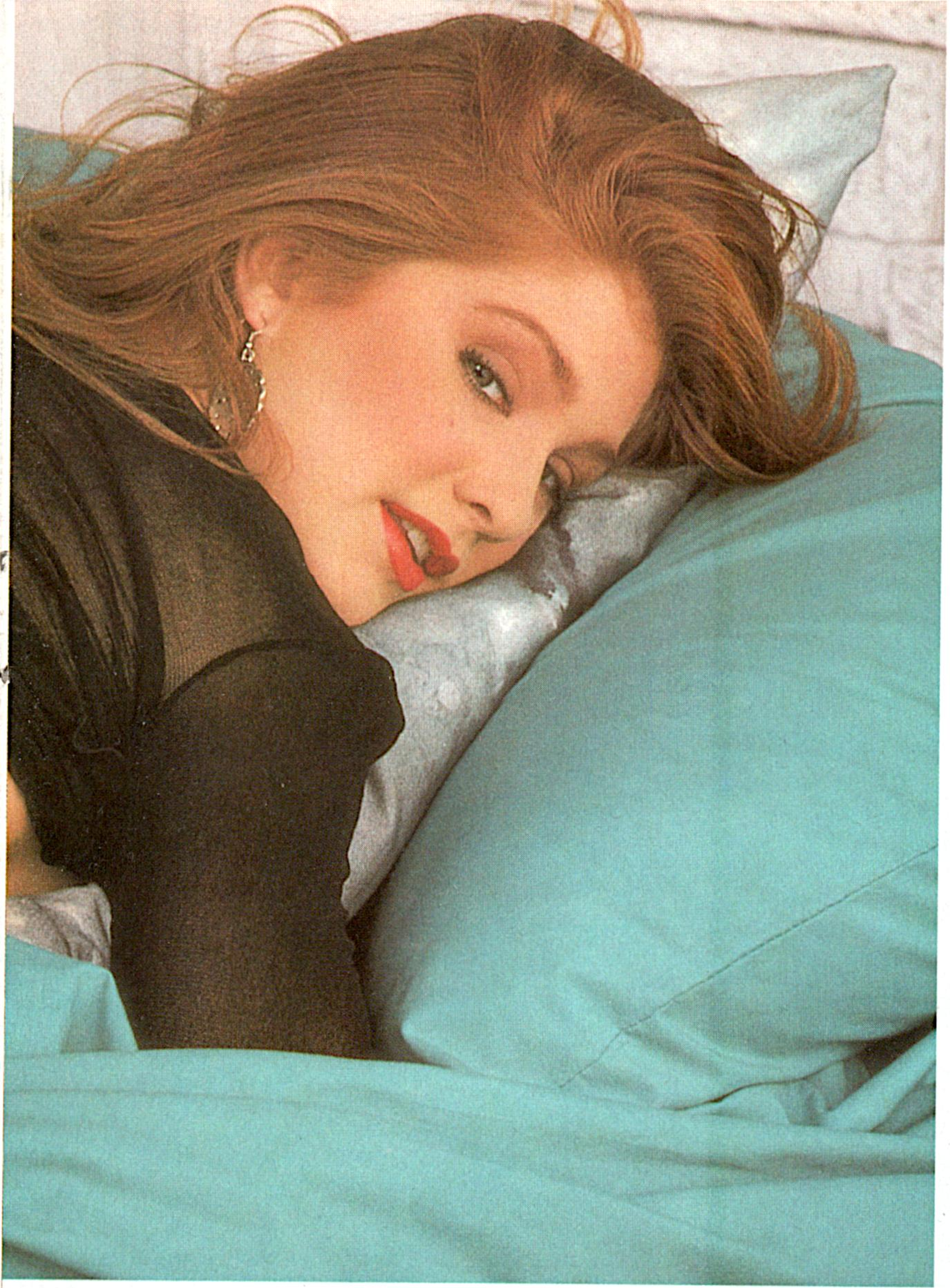
● Finally, a plug for Esso: their diesel is now the best smelling – they've added a fragrance to the pumps to make it smell nice. ♣

TARA

Photographs by Scott Evans

Tara was a little bit nervous about making her debut in Club; but the 21-year-old stunner from South London soon plucked up the courage when we put her in these special surroundings...

"The bedroom has always been my favourite room in the house," insists Tara, flicking her long red hair over her shoulders. "I'm normally



quite shy and reserved, but get me in the bedroom and I turn into a real tigress. I think most men would have trouble keeping up with me!"

And what exactly does Tara look for in a man?

"I love to be pampered," reveals the raunchy redhead. "Massaged first, kissed from head-to-toe next – the whole works, in fact! Do you think any of you fellas could stand the pace, then?!"

We should say so, Tara! ♣

club

TARA

CRAPMAN

THE DARK SHITE RETURNS

P-P-P-P-PICK UP A PENGUIN!!

What's black and white and green all over, with an unhealthy interest in phallic imagery? It's Botham City's own superhero the Creche Crusader — and he doesn't even mention Michelle Pfeiffer once...

One Day in Botham City

In his office, Mayor Mauri Glands cast anxious glances at Police Commissioner O'Limerick as the crusty Irish cop detailed the reeking cesspit of crime which lay beneath the veenered toilet seat of respectability upon which the soft buttocks of the city were currently resting. "One spark and the whole thing could ignite, at all, at all," he blarnied. "A flash in the pan and bang, the shit will really hit the fanny, sure and begorrah."

"There's only one thing for it," Glands cut in. "We'll have to call Batman."

The Irishman, who was as rough and tough as a sandpaper sandwich in a wholefood restaurant, shook his head. "It's winter, Mr Mayor. Batman's hibernating."

"Couldn't we wake him up?"

"We could," the cop grunted. "But he's been hanging upside down asleep for three months. Can you imagine what his breath'll be like? What about Catwoman?"

"Choked to death on a fluff ball," the Mayor said, disconsolately. "What about Superman?"

"The Penguin's got Krypton," the Irishman barked.

Mauri Glands shrugged. "Not surprising living in a cave with all those birds. Is the Incredible Sulks available?"

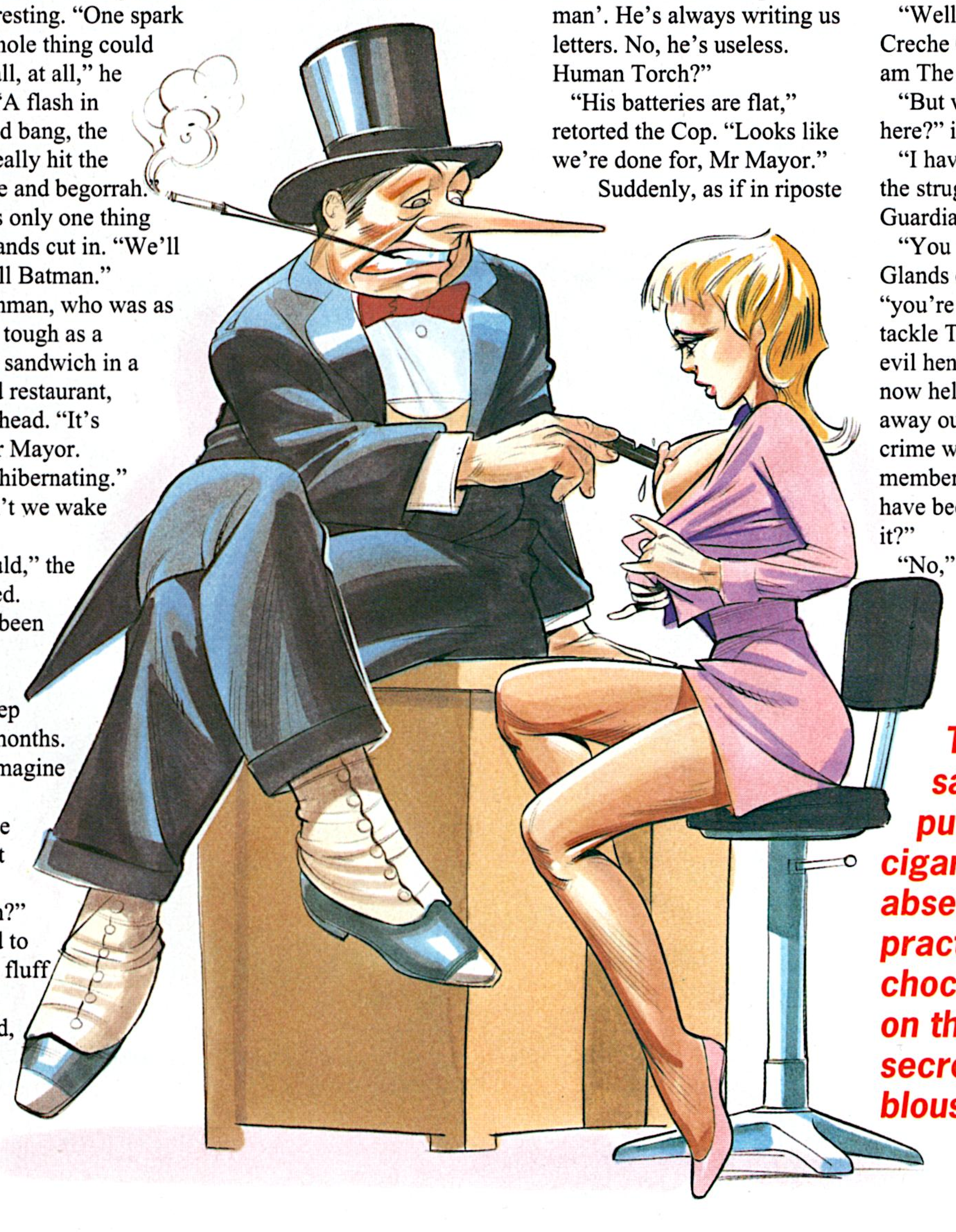
"Don't know," the top cop gruffed. "He still isn't talking to us. Still, I suppose there's always Scooperman."

"Scooperman?" the Mayor asked, puzzled.

"Yeah," O'Limerick snarled. "He's the one who goes round using his special powers to clean up dog shit from public places."

The Mayor groaned. "Oh, I know. The guy with the motto: 'Who knows what dark mess lies in the parks of man'. He's always writing us letters. No, he's useless. Human Torch?"

"His batteries are flat," retorted the Cop. "Looks like we're done for, Mr Mayor."



Illustrations by Adam Willis

Suddenly, as if in riposte to the policeman's disconsolate prognosis, the Mayor's portal burst open. Which made quite a mess of his suit.

Seconds later the door to his office burst open too and a mysterious caped figure cycled into the room.

"Holy broken election promises!" gasped Mauri Glands. "Who are you?"

Dismounting from his bicycle and removing his ankle clips in one fluid movement, the masked hero paused only to brush a crumb of wheatgerm from the arm of his fully recycled, dolphin friendly bodysuit before speaking.

"I am The Guardian," he cried in an assertive but non-aggressive manner. "The Creche Crusader. Armed only with my juggling balls, some rudimentary mime techniques and a shield of self-righteousness, I am pledged to fight evil and right wrongs — although I realise that to some people that might sound a little judgmental — wheresoever they occrztvy@&/*."

"Occrztvy@&/*?" chorused the Mayor and the Police Commissioner.

"Well, you know," the Creche Crusader muttered, "I am The Guardian."

"But what brings you here?" inquired O'Limerick.

"I have come to continue the struggle for justice," The Guardian intoned.

"You mean," Mayor Mauri Glands chuckled happily, "you're going to help us tackle The Penguin and his evil henchmen, who are even now hell bent on washing away our citizenry with a crime wave so large several members of the Beach Boys have been seen surfing on it?"

"No," said the masked hero grimly, "I'm going to hand you this petition calling for an increase in bottlebank facilities. And incidentally, I find your whole concept of criminality both deep-rootedly subjective and totally insensitive to the social problems facing Antarctic immigrants. I mean, it can't be easy coming to terms with the fact that you are flight-disadvantaged, especially when the only job you're likely to be offered in a society with institutionalised birdism is advertising biscuits or appearing as an extra in *Gregory's Girl*. To my mind, The Penguin is a victim of society, not its victimizer."

"He smokes cigarettes..." O'Limerick said.

The Guardian's normally caring features became etched with a look of pure hatred. "Passive smoking," he rasped. "How anti-social can you get? This nicotine-stained Neanderthal must have his nuts knocked off before he can breed. It's the only language they understand, guv'nor."

The Mayor frowned grimly. "Yes, Creche Crusader. You see The Penguin is threatening our city by sending out evil rays from his lair. How can we stop him?"

"Should we make them illegal?" O'Limerick ventured.

The Guardian shook his head. "No dice, Commissioner. The kids wouldn't wear it."

"Really?" The Mayor muttered. I thought young people today all wore Ray-Bans."

"Enough of your shit stylish-sunglasses-related quips, Mayor Glands," The Guardian snapped decisively. "I have work to do. And by the way, if there are any Neanderthals reading this I totally and utterly apologise for my missing-linkist remark back there. Now, to the Creche-mobile!"

The Penguin sat in his lair puffing on a cigarette and absent-mindedly practising putting chocolate stains on the front of his secretary's blouse.

Meanwhile, In The Sewers

The Penguin sat in his lair puffing on a cigarette and absent-mindedly practising putting chocolate stains on the front of his secretary's blouse. One of his scruffy, semi-shaven henchmen staggered into the room. "Penguinsh," he slurred. "Hic! My tashk ish complete. Not one lift in Botham Shity ish ushable."

The Penguin exhaled

smoke gleefully. "Well done, Piddler!" he cackled. "Now take another ten cans of Tennants Super and get out and do the same thing to the telephone boxes."

As the man reeled from the room, the Penguin picked up an inflatable Steffi Graf and began scribbling on it with a marker pen. He found that drawing on a player always helped him concentrate. "My master plan is coming together," he chortled maliciously, blowing out a stream of smoke. "Thanks to my passive smoking campaign the citizens of Botham now have lungs as full of holes as the crotchless panties section of the Ann Summers catalogue. Unable to go downstairs due to shortness of breath, and with the lifts unusable, they will be confined... and the streets of the city will be mine, all mine! Ha ha ha!"

Seconds Later, The Streets Of Botham City

Passers-by stopped dead in their tracks as they caught sight of the two-tone 2CV flashing and weaving through the traffic like a yellow and black snail with a valium dependency and a 'Nuclear Power — Neine Danke' sticker stuck to its shell. "Is it a bird?" they speculated. "Is it a plane?"

"No," said a young woman in a Peruvian pullover. "It's a completely E number free superhero! The Guardian. Gosh, isn't he super! So sensitive and willing to talk openly about his feelings."

"You may think so," another woman said. "But I've picked him up a couple of times and it took me ages to find his sporting section, and when I did it was tiny."

"Yeah," said her friend. "And his weekend pull-out bit was pretty feeble, too."

Suddenly, this flow of witty gags about Britain's best designed newspaper was interrupted by the shocked cries of a shop assistant at 'Nukes R Us', Botham City's recently opened weapons of mass destruction superstore. "Help!" the assistant yelled. "While my back was turned a man tampered with my arsenal. Due to my alarming inability to catch my breath as a result of the amount of tobacco fumes there have been around here recently I am unable to pursue him." He pointed an accusatory finger at a figure who was running away from the shop carrying a torpedo shaped object wrapped in bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian shirt and a life-jacket.

"That's him," the assistant wheezed. "The one with the cruise missile. Stop him, someone!"

His shouts for help had hardly died away when the Creche-mobile executed a screeching six-point turn and headed back down the street towards the fleeing villain.

The watching people gasped: "Faster than a senior polytechnic lecturer's tie; more powerful than a Lambeth social worker; it's The Guardian! Hooray!"

Leaping from the car and feeding coins into the meter with the speed of a cheetah, the masked man leapt in front of the shoplifter. "Before you take one more step, my friend," he suggested, "I have to warn you — there's a feminine side to my nature, and I'm not afraid to get in touch with it."

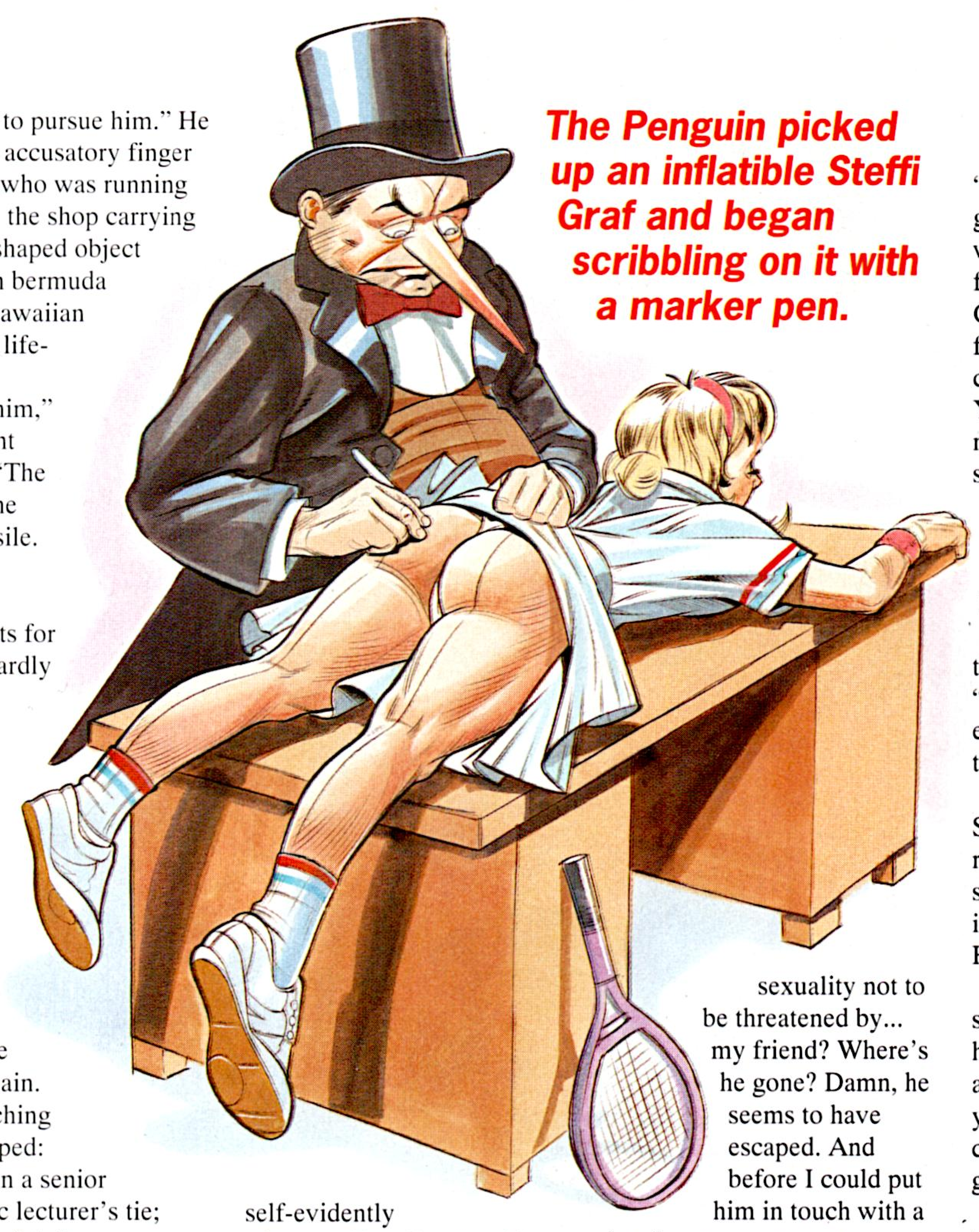
The villain stopped, his eyes wild with terror, whipped out his big missile and pointed it at The Guardian. "Out of the way, wimp," he growled, "or I'll let you have it."

The Creche Crusader shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry," he whispered caringly, "that society has so brainwashed you with its macho value judgements that you've had to deny your natural sexuality."

"W-w-what?" stammered the criminal, clearly shaken.

"He's calling you a puff," chanted the crowd.

"Well," trumpeted The Guardian. "The phallic imagery's just so obvious isn't it? I mean, that missile is clearly a penis extension and this fella's assertion that he wants to 'let me have it' is self-evidently what any Freudian would recognise as the subconscious expression of a long sublimated desire. Namely to enter into a sexual relationship with me. Well, my friend, whilst I feel secure enough in my own heterosexuality not to be threatened by... my friend? Where's he gone? Damn, he seems to have escaped. And before I could put him in touch with a local support group too. Mmm, he seems to have dropped this stolen item as well. I'd better pick it up before someone else does. No time to return it at the moment though, my highly sensitive nose has just picked up the source of the City's passive smoking problem. It seems to be coming from beneath that manhole."



The Penguin picked up an inflatible Steffi Graf and began scribbling on it with a marker pen.

Hours Later, The Mayor's Office

"Well," the Mayor said as he glanced anxiously from the window, his eyes searching for signs of the Creche Crusader. "If The Guardian fails I suppose we can always call in Onan the Barbarian. You know the one: 'Many moons travel across the stinking swamp where lived the man men called Onan. Mighty of fist was he; strong of wrist. And when he came upon wrongdoers..."

"'He wiped it off with a tissue'," quipped O'Limerick. "He's useless now his eyesight's gone. What about the Silver Scurfer?"

"Discovered new Head and Shoulders," Mauri Glands replied. His eyes brightened suddenly. "Wait a moment, it's him. It's The Guardian! He's made it back!"

In what seemed like only seconds, the Creche Crusader had used a few newly-acquired circus skills and yoga breathing techniques to climb in through the Mayor's ground-floor window.

"The Penguin is defeated," he announced in a manner that suggested pleasure with no hint of triumphalism.

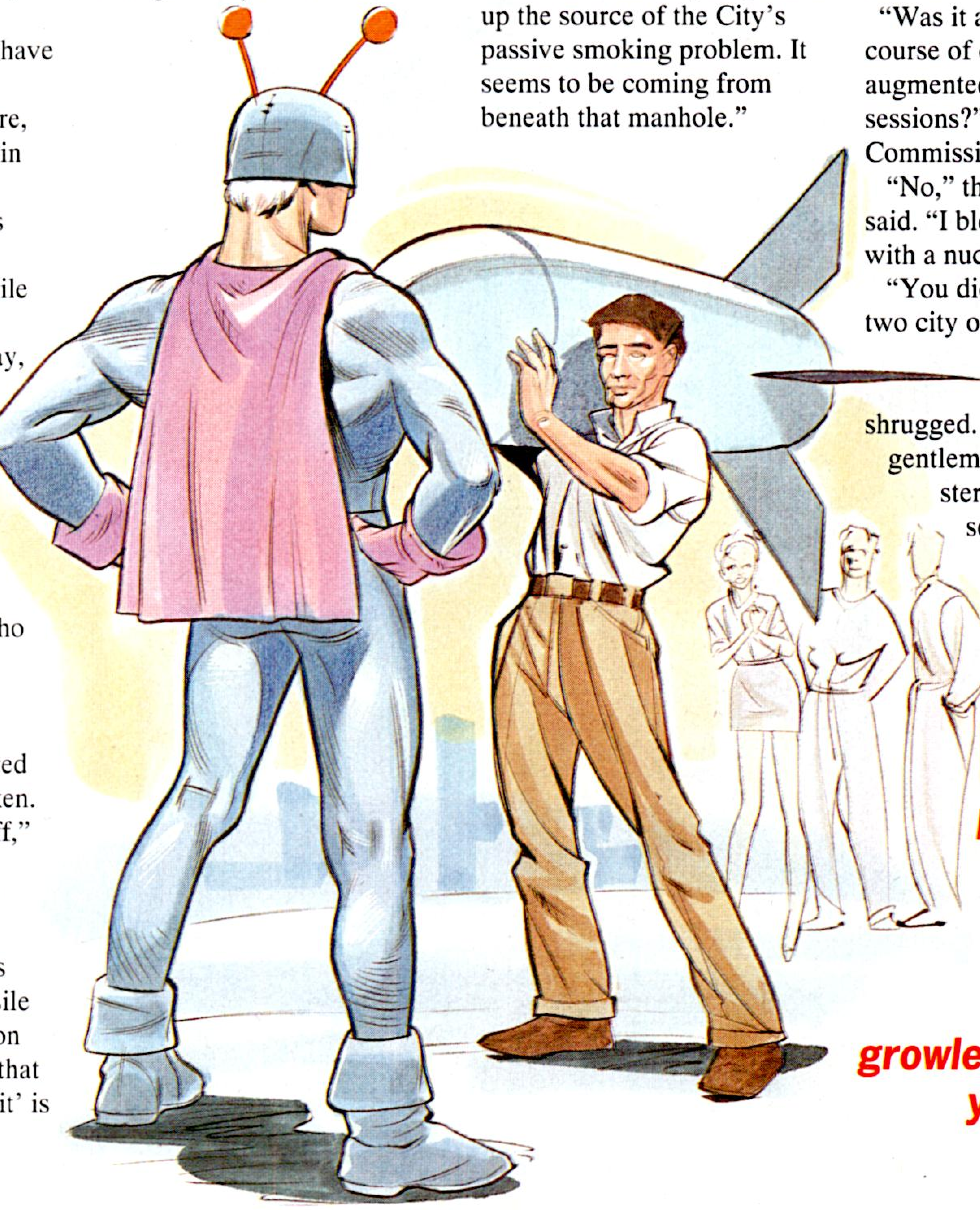
"You stopped his evil scheme by using anti-smoking hypnosis?" the Mayor ventured. The Guardian shook his head.

"Was it acupuncture and a course of counselling augmented by group therapy sessions?" inquired Police Commissioner O'Limerick.

"No," the Creche Crusader said. "I blew his brains out with a nuclear warhead."

"You did what?" yelled the two city officials. "How could you?"

The Guardian shrugged. "I had no choice, gentlemen," he enunciated sternly. "He made a sexist remark." ♣



The villain stopped, whipped out his big missile and pointed it at The Guardian. "Out of the way," he growled, "or I'll let you have it."

Photographs by Alex Palmer

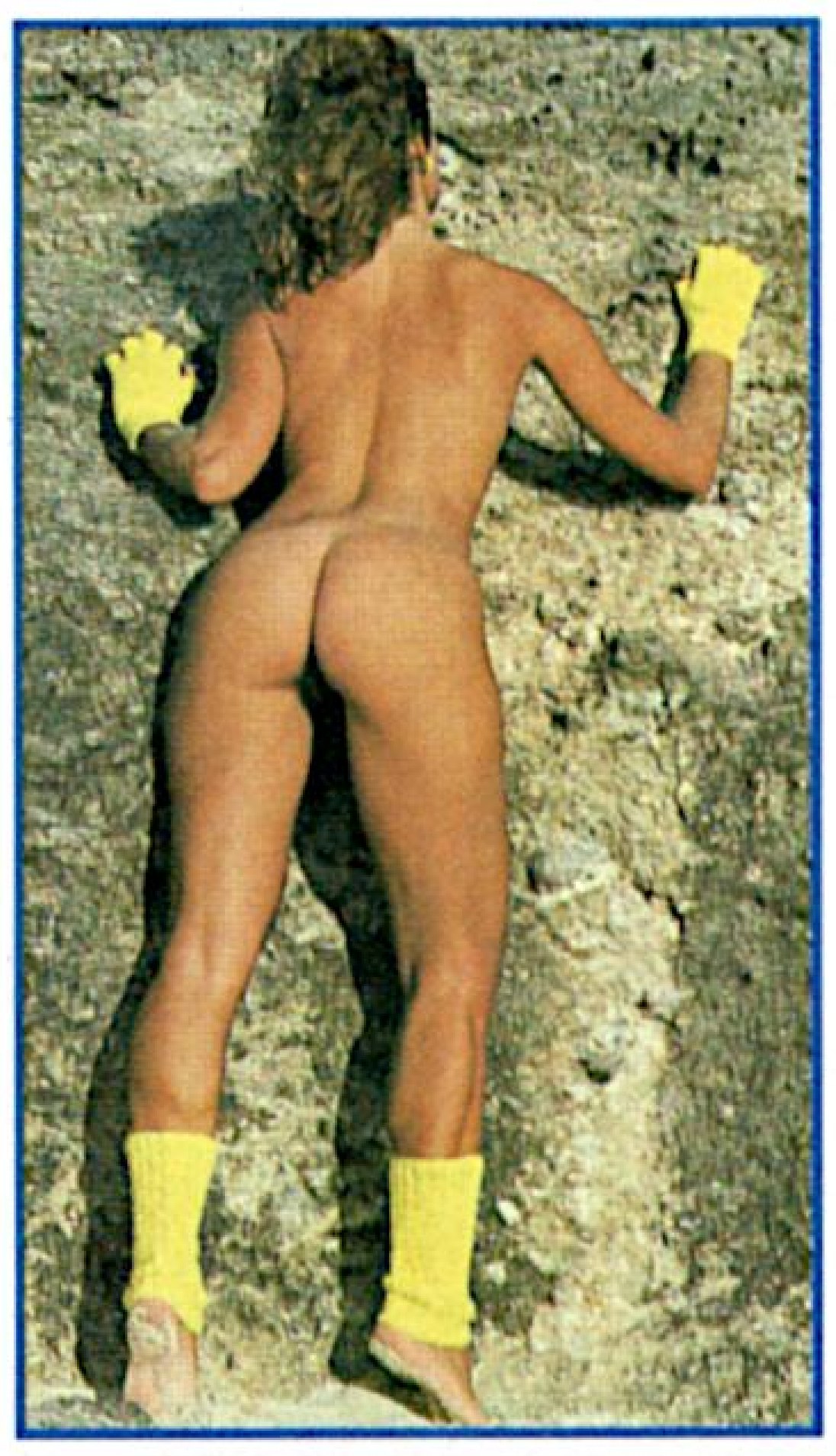
KITTY

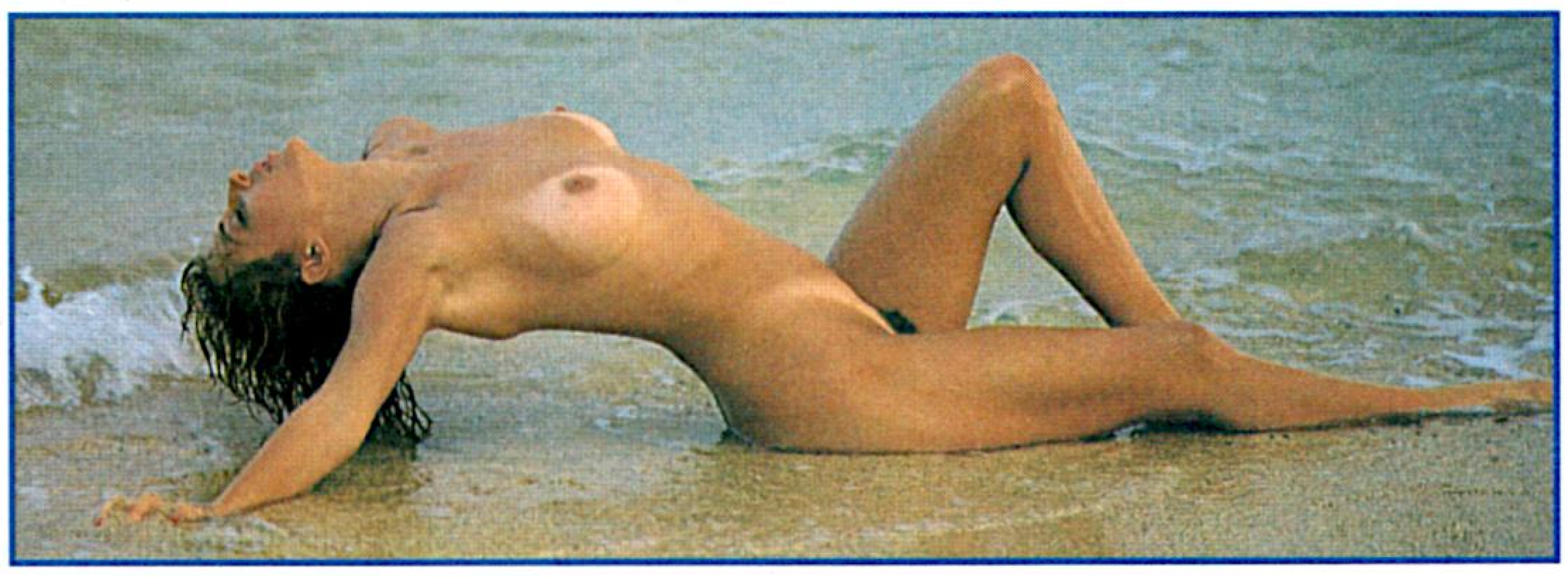
It may be the first time the incredible curves of 21-year-old Kitty have been revealed to the world, but having now completed her first shoot, will she be doing any more?

"Definitely! It's always been an ambition of mine to show off my body to as many people as possible," whispered the blonde beauty. Good idea, but what's all this with the cowboy hat? "Well, I was given it years ago in America when I met a real live cowboy. He was so sweet! You know, he

took me sightseeing and he let me handle his shooter, ride his stallion and *suck the poison out of a real snakebite!" And dare we ask where?*

"I'm not sure, but he did say something about going down bravely at Little Big Horn..." ♣





TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

STOOD UP AND SHAGGED!

My name is Dawn, I'm a 23-year-old with long, auburn hair, green eyes and a 38-26-36 figure, and although I have a young daughter, I always keep my figure in shape and take good care of the way I look.

A few weeks ago I managed to get a date with a gorgeous guy called Dave. There I was, dressed up to the nines all ready to go, when my parents rang and said their car had broken down, and wouldn't be able to babysit. I was in such a panic! I desperately wanted to go to bed with Dave and spend all night sucking his massive cock and drinking down his spunk, but I had no baby-sitter!

Then I remembered Rachel, a 19-year-old who lived a few doors down the road. I rang her up and asked if she would help me out, and to my relief she said she would, as long as she could bring her friend Nicola. I agreed and told her I'd be home about midnight. With all that sorted and the girls soon round my flat, I went off in search of Dave and that wonderful cock of his.

I finally arrived at our rendezvous, but Dave was nowhere to be seen. I waited for an hour, but still no sign of him. I felt let down, and so did my pussy that was aching to be filled, so I drove home thoroughly depressed. When I got in there was no sign of Rachel or Nicola. I ran into my daughter's room, but she was there, safe and sound, so I carried on checking the other rooms when suddenly I heard someone moaning from my bedroom.

I slowly opened the door, and there on my bed was Nicola spread-eagled and naked, with Rachel kneeling either side of her head and lowering her neatly trimmed bush onto Nicola's red lips. I stared open mouthed as Nicola licked and sucked Rachel to orgasm, and then as they kissed each other deeply and passionately, their tongues exploring each other's mouths.

Well, I'd missed out on one shag that night and I certainly wasn't going to miss out on another, so as quietly as I could, I took everything off except my stockings, suspenders and high heels. I peeked around the door again and saw the naughty little nymphos in a really sexy 69 position, they looked so gorgeous! I quietly pushed the door wide open and coughed politely:

"Hello girls! Enjoying yourselves?" They both looked up in horror, their faces covered in each others love juice. "It's all right," I whispered, "I want to join you." And with that I walked over and sat on the bed, opening my legs to reveal a dripping wet pussy. Without another word, Nicola sank to her knees and opened my legs even further. "Your cunt looks so fuckable, Dawn. Can I lick you out?" she gasped. I nodded and fell slowly back onto the bed, nearly coming straight away with the thought of this young girl's tongue on my hole.

Nicola may not have been the best baby-sitter in the world, but she certainly knew how to lick a girl out. She stroked her tongue up and down my slit, gently teasing my engorged clit between her teeth before plunging her hot tongue in and out of my pussy, lapping up all my juices. Soon I could feel my first orgasm approach as Rachel joined in and straddled my head, her pretty face strained in anticipation as she lowered her beautiful, sweet pussy onto my mouth. She smelt so wonderful, her perfume filling my nose as I licked and kissed her soft, succulent fanny.

God, this was heaven! I'd completely forgotten about that bastard Dave as I came again and again. Then, as Nicola started working on my clit with her fingers, Rachel squealed out loud and bucked her hips, coming in my mouth. I could even feel her juices running down my chin as she bent down to kiss my breasts, licking and sucking my nipples until they were rock hard.

"Get up here, you bitch!" I said to Nicola, desperate to get more muff on my tongue. She didn't need asking twice, and soon I had her bouncing up and down on my face as Rachel nearly sucked my nipples off. I put my hands up to Nicola's cunt and stretched her pink, swollen lips as wide as possible to get every drop of her juice. I could hardly catch my breath by now and I could feel another climax rising in me. With a scream I arched my back off the bed as wave after wave of the orgasm shot through my whole body. Soon I heard the two girls cry out with relief as they joined me in coming, and as the room filled with the aroma of our love making, we collapsed, exhausted back onto the bed.

After a hot shower, the girls said good-bye, and said if I ever needed them again I was to call straight away. I've never been grateful for a man standing me up before, but after that night, I felt like ringing Dave and thanking him for letting me have best night of my life!

— Dawn, Essex

TWO IN THE BUSH!

My friend Jane and I are a right pair of sex-mad 19- year-olds. We'll do anything except fuck (that's the only thing we're saving for later) , but if there are any lads around we'll wank them, give them blowjobs and let them feel us up. If there's no lads around and we're feeling horny, then we'll masturbate in front of each other and experiment with various objects up our cunts. We often masturbate over magazines like Club, and we like to say dirty things to each other like they do in the letters. But let me tell you of one story in particular I know all your readers will want to hear about.

We have a special place where we often go to masturbate when both our parents are at home. It's outside our town on some waste ground, and nobody ever goes there. One Saturday a few months ago, we agreed to meet there without any knickers on for a wanking session. We took a couple of magazines, and when we got there I made Jane read out the stories while I put my hand under my short skirt and wanked.

Afterwards, we had a long chat and both agreed that we would like someone to watch us wank. Jane said the thought turned her on, and I must admit it turned me on too, but we just didn't know how to go about it!

Later that same afternoon we went into the newsagents to get a coke, and in front of us in the queue was a bloke about our age buying a girlie magazine. We followed him down the street and I asked Jane in a voice that the man could hear: "Do you think he's going home to wank over that?"

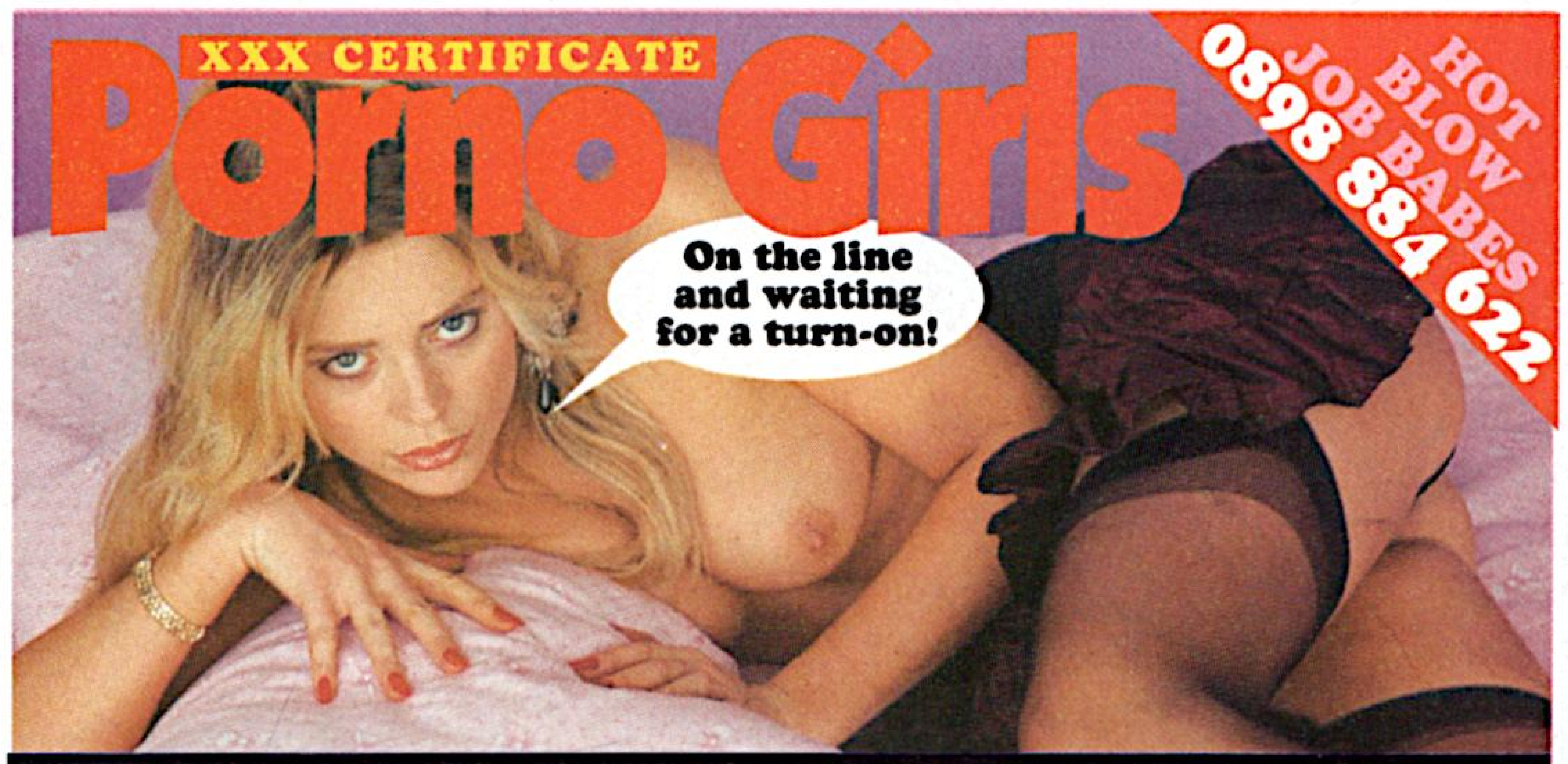
Jane laughed and said in an equally loud voice: "Maybe he's taking it to work!"

"Pity," I said, "if he came with us he could wank over the real thing." At this, he turned round and with a smile asked if we were winding him up.

"Follow us and see," I replied, and we led off with him following a few steps behind. Soon the houses and buildings petered out as we approached our secret place, now and then giving him quick flashes of our bums as we walked.

When we got to our spot we turned round to face the guy, and, more importantly, the massive bulge that had appeared in his trousers.

"Looks as if he can't wait to get his cock out," I said.


XXX CERTIFICATE
Porno Girls
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SEX BLITZ

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HOT'N'SEXY

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PULLED TO ONE SIDE	0898 884 228
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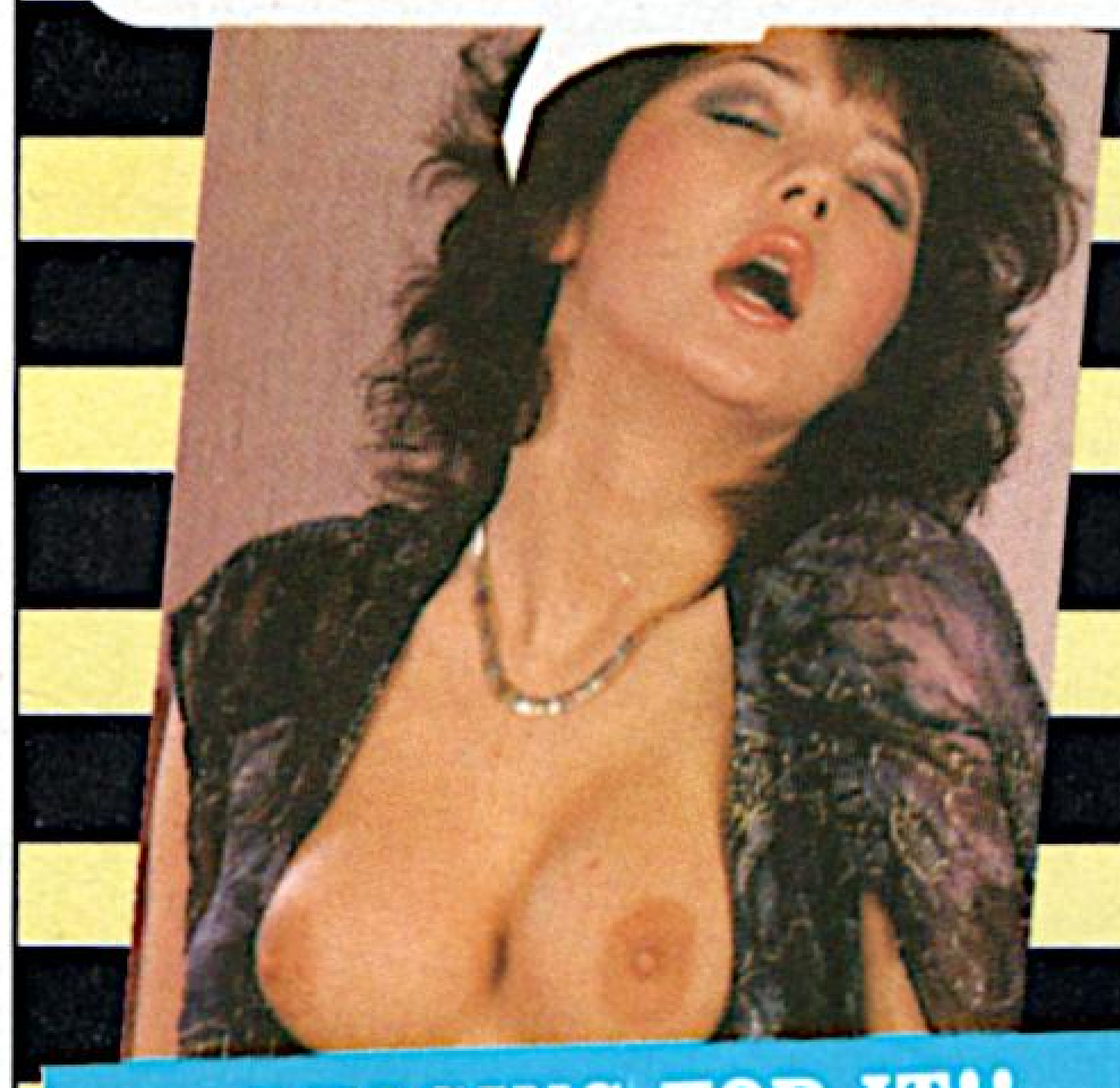

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Sex Mad

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SALTY MOUTH SEX	0898 884 322	I MASTURBATE MY MANAGER	0898 884 319
UNFAITHFUL WIFE WANTS A SERVICE	0898 884 317	BOUNCING BOSOMS	0898 884 326
GIRLS AT A LINGERIE PARTY	0898 884 328	SKIRT UP AROUND MY WAIST	0898 884 316
WICKED WIVES TALES	0898 884 323	AUNTY IN LESBIAN ROMP	0898 884 321

I'll make RAUNCHY SEX SOUNDS for you when I climax... call 0898 884 318

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"I bet you'll come a load," said Jane. "Why don't you show us what you've got?"

"You're a right dirty pair," he laughed. "No knickers? No bras either by the way your tits are wobbling around. Come on then! Let's have a look."

The big moment had arrived. I was just beginning to wonder if we really would see it through when Jane quickly loosened her blouse and showed him her tits, which are quite big and have little pink nipples. I followed quickly, pulling my top off and letting my slightly smaller ones feel the breeze. We teased him by stroking our nipples, cupping and squeezing our tits together.

There was no going back now! I undid my skirt and stepped out of it as he loosened his belt and dropped his trousers, holding his huge cock in his hand. I had never seen a fully erect one before and neither of us could believe how big it really was!

We asked for a closer look, and he invited us to touch it and stroke it. I went first while Jane got out of her skirt and started rubbing her pussy. If mine was anything to go by she needn't have worried about not being wet. The cunt juice was nearly running down my thighs as I gently wanked him, while he felt my tits with one hand and my fanny with the other. No man had ever touched me before, and each stroke felt like lots of little electric shocks running through me.

Just then I heard Jane groan and realised that she had already frigged herself off. She came across to change places with me and instead of taking him in her hand she knelt down in front of him, and with both hands took him into her mouth. I was quite shocked – I hadn't thought we were going to go that far – but the sight of her, stark naked with her mouth full of his cock, was really turning me on. She moaned gently as she slowly took him further and further into her mouth until nearly his whole cock disappeared. It must have been half-way down her throat as she cupped his balls with one hand and gripped the base of his rock hard tool with the other, and began pumping furiously.

At the sight of this I began to rub my fanny harder until I came, just as the bloke gave one last push. I could see Jane's eyes open wide as he exploded in her mouth, but she didn't pull away. She just moaned again as she swallowed, her head rolling from side to side, thirsty for his hot spunk. He must have been coming for at least twenty seconds! I thought I'd have to pull her off him, but eventually she gave his still hard tool one more kiss, stood up and wiped her mouth with a grin.

We didn't get dressed straight away, but just swanned around in front of the bloke, naked, touching ourselves up again and occasionally pulling our cunt lips apart so that he could see right up us.

The bloke, who said his name was Mike, asked if we had ever wanked each other off. When we told him we hadn't he suggested we try it in front of him while he wanked off in front of us.

We looked at each other and thought why not? It was a day for experimenting, after all! I began by putting my hand on Jane's pubes and began rubbing. She lowered her head and took one of my erect nipples in her mouth and flicked her tongue all over the rest of my smooth, white tits. Then her hand slid down to my fanny and I spread my legs so she could get her fingers up my soaking love hole. Soon we were rubbing away at each other while Mike stood and wanked next to us.

He soon came and I felt his hot spunk splash all over my tits and onto Jane's tummy. Jane's fingers were sliding in and out of me as I did the same to her. I could feel Jane begin to tremble and knew she couldn't hold out much longer, and with a shudder she came and collapsed in a heap, quivering with intensity of her orgasm. I had to finish myself off, rubbing my clit with the fingers of one hand and ramming three fingers up myself with the other till I came too.

Realising that we were only a few yards away from the path, we decided we had better get dressed, and quick! We said a hurried good-bye to Mike before making our way home

Well, since then we have gone from strength to strength. We've stripped and wanked for a dozen different blokes and the search is now on for even more outrageous things to do. So if any of your readers can think of any suggestions, we'd be happy to give them a go! — *Laura and Jane, Leighton Buzzard.*

HOLIDAY BLUES

In and out of the office

PACKAGE HOLIDAY

Holidays always seem to bring out the worst in me. I mean, at least when I'm at home I try to be faithful to my boyfriend (not that I always manage it!), but as soon as I find myself in a foreign country, any hope of behaving myself just seems to vanish! Still, you have to try and get to know the locals, don't you — especially when they're tall, tanned and sexy!

So when I went to Sweden with a couple of friends recently, I soon found myself looking for local talent — and boy, are those Swedes gorgeous! Of course, there was a bit of a language barrier — but I reckon actions speak louder than words any day!

The only problem was that my friends just couldn't take the pace. After a few nights clubbing with me — and no, I didn't pick up any guys, although I did enjoy the flirting! — they were totally wiped out and insisted on spending a whole day at the hotel, vegetating by the pool. I wasn't going to let them hold me back though. I like to get out and about, and I reckoned a picnic in the countryside was just what I needed to recharge my batteries... and if I should happen to encounter a handsome young Swedish farmer on my travels, so much the better!

I packed myself a basket for my lunch and set off through the fields that surrounded our hotel. It was a really hot day, and before long I had to stop and rest. The sun was beating down on my skin, making me feel lazy and a bit horny... after all, it was a few days since my pussy had enjoyed anything except my own fingers!

All the countryside around there was pretty deserted, and besides I was in a sheltered spot, so I couldn't really see any harm in letting myself get a bit carried away. I slid one hand over the crotch of my tight denim shorts, relishing the tingling it caused between my thighs. Mmm, I was definitely in need of a good, hard fuck!

With the zip undone, I could just about manage to wriggle my hand down inside my shorts. It was a tight squeeze, but the extra pressure against my pussy mound just seemed to make me even hotter. I was already soaking wet when my fingertips got down as far as my clit, and though I couldn't get my hand far enough down to actually slip a couple of fingers inside my cunt, stroking my clit and pussy lips did just fine. I sat with my legs apart and rubbed my wet cunt, and the

fabulous sensations grew and grew until I knew I was about to come.

"Hey, it's nice to see a girl enjoying herself!"

I looked up, startled, to see a guy standing watching me with a big grin on his face. I must have been really wrapped up in myself not to have noticed him creep up on me. And I could tell he had been watching me for a while, because the front of his shorts looked like a tent!

"Why don't you join in?" I invited him. Seconds later, his shorts were on the floor and his thick shaft was waving in front of my face like a flagpole. I licked the head, then ran my tongue along the underside of his dick, exploring the veins and ridges and making it twitch.

"Oh God, suck it!" he groaned. My hands squeezing his bum, I sucked his cock into my mouth a little at a time until I'd taken the whole thing down. Then I really set to work, my tongue busily lapping away and my hands fondling his balls as I gave him the blowjob of his life.

I reckon I could suck any cock dry, and after I'd kept him on the edge for a while, I finally let him shoot his load down my throat.

"I want to fuck you now," he said when he'd regained his breath, but I shook my head. After all, I hadn't come all this way just to make it with an English guy, cute though he was!

"Okay," he sighed, when he realised I wasn't kidding. "Well, if you're looking for a great place to picnic, make for the farm just over the next hill — just say John sent you. They'll be nice to you there."

It sounded fair enough, so after I'd given him a long, lingering, spunk-flavoured kiss, I set off to the farm. John was right, it was the perfect place for a picnic, so I settled myself down on a bench and started unpacking my basket. But almost at once, I started thinking about John. Maybe I should have fucked him; that cock did look like it would have fitted quite snugly inside my pussy...

I was just rubbing my pussy a little through my shorts, daydreaming about what fucking John would be like, when a girl came out of one of the buildings and strode towards me, jabbering angrily in Swedish. I guess she thought I was Swedish too, with my long blonde hair and golden tan. She looked a bit like me, although I noticed her boobs were massive — I wouldn't have minded getting my hands on them!

"I'm sorry if I'm trespassing," I said. " But John sent me here."

At that, she became all smiles. "Oh, any friend of John's is a friend of mine," she said, giggling naughtily as she sat down beside me.

"You have enough for two, yes?"

"Sure," I said, smiling back at her. Obviously John's name was a magic word around here!

The girl introduced herself as Eva, and we were soon chatting away like old friends... or new lovers. I was pretty sure that the girlish arm creeping around my shoulders, the hand casually brushing my thigh and smoothing my hair out of my eyes was not quite so innocent as Eva was pretending! There was something very suggestive about the way she ate, too — licking, sucking, and nibbling in a manner which made me certain she was as hot for me as I was for her.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained is my motto, so the next time she put her arm around me, I slipped a hand inside her shirt. Her flowery bra barely contained her full, ripe boobs, and as I stroked them through the flimsy fabric I felt her nipples stand out hard. She was game!

Unhooking her bra deftly, I let her boobs spill free, and sucked one nipple into my mouth. Her hands clasped my waist and then began unfastening my shorts as I licked her warm titflesh. Soon, I felt what I'd been aching for all day, my shorts being pulled down to let a couple of probing fingers investigate the hot, wet space between my legs.

Eva pushed our picnic things aside so I could lie on the wooden table. Crouching between my spread thighs, she ran her tongue over my smooth-shaven pussy lips. She parted them to flick her tongue over my tingling clit, sucking and nibbling until I was begging her to tongue-fuck me.

Eva used her tongue like a wet, wriggly little cock on me, stabbing it into my cunt over and over until I gripped her head tight between my thighs and yelled out loud as I came. Then it was her turn to get eaten, and I pulled off her clothes to reveal her plump, golden-haired pussy.

"Sit on my face," I told her, and she straddled my head, lowering her cunt over my mouth. She was already very creamy with excitement, and as I ate her I found it didn't take much to make her come. It's such a turn-on to have a girl wriggling and writhing on your face, and between licks I gasped to her to suck my pussy again.

So there we were, rolling around on the ground in a very steamy, frantic 69, when I heard a familiar voice say, "Well, I see you two are getting to know each other!"

It was John, of course, and this time he wasn't waiting to be asked — he was already wanking, his dick looking even harder than when I'd sucked it off an hour earlier!

I knew I'd been crazy to turn him down before, and so I got up and grabbed his dick with both hands.

"Still wanna fuck me, big boy?" I drawled, rubbing the tip of his cock over my naked stomach. All I could think about was getting it inside me — and if Eva wanted to watch, she was welcome!

John pushed me down onto my hands and knees so he could give it to me doggy style — my favourite position! And then I felt what I'd been missing for days — a thick, hard cock inching its way into my wet cunt, stretching me wide and filling me up. As John started pumping in and out, I thrust my hips back at him, so we were going at it really forcefully. It was sheer bliss!

Eva was watching attentively, fingering her cunt, her eyes fixed on John's rigid shaft sliding in and out of me. Then she parked her pussy right in front of my face, so I could lick it while John rogered me. But it still wasn't enough for her.

Swivelling around, she crawled underneath me so her

face was right under my pussy. That way, I could carry on licking her out, while she licked my pussy lips, John's balls — everything she could possibly get her tongue around!

Feeling her mouth exploring between my thighs, and knowing she was licking my sticky pussy juice off John's shaft every time he withdrew from my cunt, got me really excited. My face was buried in her cunt as I licked her fast, and soon I felt her whole body convulse as she came. Her legs locked around my head as she bucked and shuddered, and that drove John on to even greater lengths. I've never been fucked so hard, and I loved every minute of it!

He moaned, "Oh yeah, don't stop now babe!" as he felt my cunt muscles begin to clench around his cock. I love getting licked or fingered to a climax, but there's nothing quite like coming with a length of good, hard cock doing all the work for you!

Just when I thought I'd finished coming, Eva's tongue got to work with renewed vigour, and before I knew it I'd had four incredible comes in a row! I don't think John could hold on any longer, and I felt his cock start to twitch, but instead of shooting his wad inside me, he pulled out so the first couple of spurts went all over my pussy lips and thighs, and the rest went straight down Eva's throat!

All that coming had made me a bit dazed and dizzy, so when I heard the sound of clapping and cheering I couldn't quite work out what it was or where it came from. As I got my head together, though, I looked round and saw there were two handsome men and two girls standing behind me – they'd only been watching everything we'd done! John admitted later that he had set the whole thing up – he does a lot of that, which is why he's so popular there!

I was still on all fours with spunk dripping from my pussy as this lot watched, and I didn't know quite what to do! Until, that is, one of the girls walked up to me and said in broken English, "These men good also – you want?"

I was still in sex overdrive, and I just nodded dumbly at her. That was it – next thing I knew I was picked up, laid on the ground and one of those guys was on top of me, sliding a short, thick cock into my cunt.

I assumed that everyone else would start having sex too, but it seemed that wasn't the idea at all. They each wanted to take their turn with me – the men *and* the women! They stood around me and watched me get fucked by this guy, all of them stripping their clothes off and masturbating while I was screwed. When he'd come in me, one of the girls immediately got me in a 69 and started licking my wet cunt, pushing her pussy down into my face so I could suck her too. She made me come, and then it was the next girl, then the other guy, and then John came back for seconds, taking me doggy style again and spunking all over my bottom. It was incredible. I'd never been fucked so much in my life!

When they could see I was exhausted, John picked me up, took me inside, bathed me and put me to bed. I slept for twelve hours, I was so knackered! I spent the rest of

my holiday there, having sex with who I wanted, when I wanted – especially with Eva, who I think had fallen a little in love with me. We had another group session on the last night, this time with everybody screwing everybody, as a farewell for me.

Eva still writes to me every week, sending nude photos of herself and saying how she wishes I was there. I've got an open invite to go back any time, and Eva says she's happy for me to fuck any of the guys there so long as she can watch. How could I refuse? I'm heading back next month – and if you like, I'll tell you all about it!—*Maria, Newcastle*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

SEXY EDUCATION!

I'm at teacher at a local private sixth form college. I've been there for about four years now, and I really enjoy my work. However, with teaching being such a tiring and busy occupation (we don't just stop working when the bell goes at four o'clock, you know!) I don't have much time to go out and meet sexual partners.

As I have a pretty high sex drive this naturally leads to me feeling incredibly frustrated, and so I was very happy to discover Club a couple of years ago. It took me a while to get over the slight embarrassment I used to feel when going to the shop to buy it – as a woman, I used to get some very peculiar looks from shop assistants! But Club really has helped to ease my frustrations, and I've been discovering lots of different ways to turn myself on as I leaf through the pages.

I also discovered that the sight of the lovely women you feature really excites me. I love to see a beautiful naked woman posing with her legs open and inviting, her hands touching her own body as she turns herself on.

I usually have a routine when I read Club: first I flick through, squeezing my thighs together, and then find the sexiest girl. Then I open my legs and stroke my pussy lips while reading a letter from the *Talking Blue* section, imagining my favourite model is the girl who's doing the dirty things in the story. By this time my pussy is wet and juicy. Then I flip back to the sexiest picture of my girl and finally allow myself to rub my clitoris. I almost come straight away, clamping my thighs around my hand. It's a great feeling!

The sensation of delight and release after those orgasms is really intense, especially as until recently I hadn't had sex for about two years! You can imagine how deprived and frustrated I was feeling. But because Club has given me so much pleasure, I wanted to give some back by writing to you with an account of how I finally had sex again, especially as it was the best screw I've ever had in my life!

Over the summer holidays, I had to go to France with a school party as one of the helpers. One of the other teachers was a woman about the same age as me – 27 – who I'm quite friendly with. We're both single and we'd been out together a few times. She is petite and blonde, while I have red hair and quite large breasts, so you could say we're very noticeable together!

When we arrived at the hotel, Annabel and I had been assigned to share a room, but it was only after a couple of days that I noticed Annabel's eyes linger on me as I walked about the room. I caught her staring at my nipples as they poked against my bra, and she'd sneak looks at my long legs when I got out of bed in the morning.

I suppose I should have covered up more, but instead I found myself wandering round our room in my skimpiest bras and knickers. Her flirting started to become more and more obvious, and I could almost feel her eyes boring through my knickers!

And I'd been sneaking looks at her body too. As I tried to get to sleep at night I found myself fantasising about licking her large, pink nipples, sucking on her toes and running my tongue up the insides of her smooth thighs until I was eating her out. It was agony to lie in the next bed to Annabel, unable to kiss and caress her, and several nights in a row I ended up masturbating myself silently, revelling in my lesbian fantasie, hoping that she wouldn't notice – or, when I was turned on enough, hoping against hope that she would.

However, I had a bit of a

shock the second week we were there. I'd not said anything to Annabel, and I soon found out why she hadn't followed up her hot glances – she was sleeping with one of the male members of staff, Michael! I didn't know if I was disappointed or turned on by the thought.

I'd gone to bed early one night and was just dozing off when I heard Annabel come in. It was completely dark, and she didn't turn the light on. I was about to say something when I realised she wasn't alone, and for some reason I kept quiet.

Annabel was giggling and panting at the same time, and I soon heard Michael's voice urging her to undress. “I want to see your tits, Annabel,” he whispered. “I want to play with your nipples.”

“Only if you're a good boy and go down on me then,” Annabel replied, as I heard the swish of clothing dropping to the floor and the soft sound of naked bodies rubbing together. The bed creaked as they fell onto it, and by opening my eyes I could just make out the silhouettes – Annabel was on top of Michael, straddling him so that he could lick out her pussy!

The noises they were making were unbelievable. I heard her moaning time and time again, obviously riding Michael's tongue as he plunged it into her. I could imagine the tip parting her pussy hairs and the taste of her love juices on his tongue... Before I knew it, I'd shifted my hands down under the duvet and was parting my own lips, sliding my fingers and thumb over my wet mound again and again, beginning to work myself up towards a climax.

I lifted my hips so that I could push a finger inside myself, and I could feel my pussy contractions beginning. I bit my lip to stop myself from moaning the way Annabel was, but obviously the randy couple in the next bed must have heard me.

“Is that you, Denise?” Annabel asked, her voice hoarse. I froze, not able to say a word.

“You've been here all the time? Why didn't you say something when we came in?” she asked.

“I didn't... er...” I stammered, paralysed with embarrassment and desire.

“You've been lying there listening to Michael eating out my pussy, haven't you?” Annabel said. “And I bet you've been playing with yourself as well, eh? Come on, answer me, Denise!” she said, talking to me as if she was the schoolmistress and I was a naughty girl!

“Yes, I have,” I replied meekly. Then Michael spoke.

“Come on, Denise – Annabel's been telling me what a great, sexy body you've got. Why don't you join us? You can't tell me you're not turned on...”

I couldn't deny it – and I wasn't going to miss my first chance of sex for two years! I leapt from my bed to theirs in a trice and dived in. In seconds my whole body felt as if it was being covered with tongues and fingers from head to toe. I shivered and moaned, arching up my boobs towards Annabel's questing mouth as she gently licked and sucked at first one nipple and then the other, kneading and squeezing my boobs with her fingers.

At the same time I felt Michael's lips working their way down over my flat stomach, nibbling at my love mound before finally coming to rest over my very wet slit. There they hovered, teasingly. I was desperate to feel Michael's mouth on me.

“Lick me,Michael,” I urged him. “Suck my pussy!”

I lost control completely when he started eating me out. He stretched my lips apart with his fingers and licked hard at my hole. I could feel his teeth lightly nibbling on my hard, stiff little clitoris, and I lifted up my whole back and pressed my mound right into his face, feeling the sucking motion of his lips getting stronger and harder. I couldn't stop myself from orgasming then, my whole body racked with contractions from head to toe.

This was what I'd been waiting for, and the fact that Michael was one of my own colleagues didn't make any difference to my behaviour. I'd finally got the sex I wanted, and I almost surprised myself by getting more wanton and sluttish the harder he licked me and the harder I climaxed.

“Fuck her,” Annabel instructed him, moving so that she was kneeling at the head of the bed, her hands straying down between her pussy lips so that she could play with her cunt while she watched. “I want to see you fucking Denise, Michael.”

Before I had time to even open my legs wide, Michael had gently taken hold of my ankles and pushed my legs up around my ears, exposing my wet, swollen pussy lips and clitoris to his and Annabel’s avid gazes. Then he reared up on to his knees so that he was looking right into Annabel’s eyes as she faced him, masturbating herself, and then plunged his cock right into me, setting up a rhythm right away.

I can’t describe how good and sexy it felt to be lying there with Michael giving me a really good fucking while Annabel cradled my head with one hand and frigged herself with the other, sometimes lowering her pussy down onto my face so I got little tantalising tastes of her juices. I kept pushing my tongue up to try and taste more of her, but she kept teasing me, the sexy bitch!

Michael was a really pumping into me now, up and down, making me come with the friction of his hairy, full balls on my pussy and the bottom of my buttocks. I felt as if I’d totally lost control, and I was really enjoying the feeling! The way his balls slapped against me, the incredibly deep penetration I was getting as he pushed his cock up and down inside me was like nothing I’d ever experienced before, and I couldn’t believe that up until then I’d lasted a whole two years without sex.

I knew that Michael couldn’t hold himself back much longer, the whole eroticism of the situation being so highly charged, and I shouted out loud for him to unload all his come inside me. “Spunk in me, Michael,” I groaned through gritted teeth. “Oh fuck, go on... come up my cunt!” It was difficult to keep the rhythm going by then, because my pussy was so wet that he kept slipping out, but I used my hand to guide him in and out and the extra pressure of my fingers soon took him over the edge. When he came, it seemed as if I could feel every delicious individual glob of come shooting up inside me. Of course, that set me off again, orgasming and digging my nails into Annabel’s thighs as I climaxed. Beautiful.

My pussy was overflowing with sticky come, but it wasn’t over yet. Lifting me slightly, Annabel rolled me on to my front and swapped places with Michael, so that she could eat out my pussy with delicate strokes of her tongue, tasting her boyfriend’s come as well as my own love juice. At the same time Michael fed his still semi-hard, soaking wet cock between my lips for me to lick and suck. As I sucked him clean I felt him begin to stiffen again, and soon I was thrusting my buttocks in the air frantically as Annabel tongue-fucked me.

But soon just her tongue wasn’t enough, so I took a breather from Michael’s cock and whipsered to her, “Use your fingers, Annabel. Fuck me with them hard. Please, I need you to fuck me...” Straight away she put all four fingers at the entrance to my pussy hole, and pushed them in me, stretching my cunt walls to the limit. “Oh yes, that’s it – now start fucking me,” I whimpered. She began to ram her fingers up me as I returned to sucking to Michael’s by now rigid cock. I took him all the way down my throat as his girlfriend screwed me hard with her fingers. I couldn’t believe how dirty I was being; this couple were giving me the seeing-to of my life, fucking me at both ends, and I couldn’t get enough.

The rhythm got faster and faster, and as Annabel’s last, hardest thrust piled into my pussy I came harder than I’d ever done before. As I collapsed, gasping, Michael moved Annabel over me on all fours and slid his cock into her from behind. The sight above me was incredible – her firm boobs bouncing and brushing against mine as he slammed every inch of his big cock into her, and her face was screwed up in pleasure. I pulled on her hard nipples and kissed her neck while her body recoiled with each of Michael’s thrusts.

She gasped and yelled as Michael emptied his second load of come deep into her pussy. Then with a sigh she collapsed on top of me, her mound resting against mine, and I felt his spunk dripping out of her onto my pussy lips. We French kissed each other, our tongues deep inside each other’s mouths, as Michael fell down exhausted onto the bed beside us.

I’m still turned on thinking about that night – in fact, I’m playing with myself as I write this. Annabel and Michael and I have had several threesome sessions since that evening, and I must say that I’m really enjoying have regular sex right now, though I’m getting a little jealous of the fact that Annabel gets to have Michael all to herself nearly every night. Mind you, I’ve got plans to change all that, so if and when that happens I’ll be writing in to you with all the details! —— *Denise, Cumbria* ♣

FUNKY SUCKING

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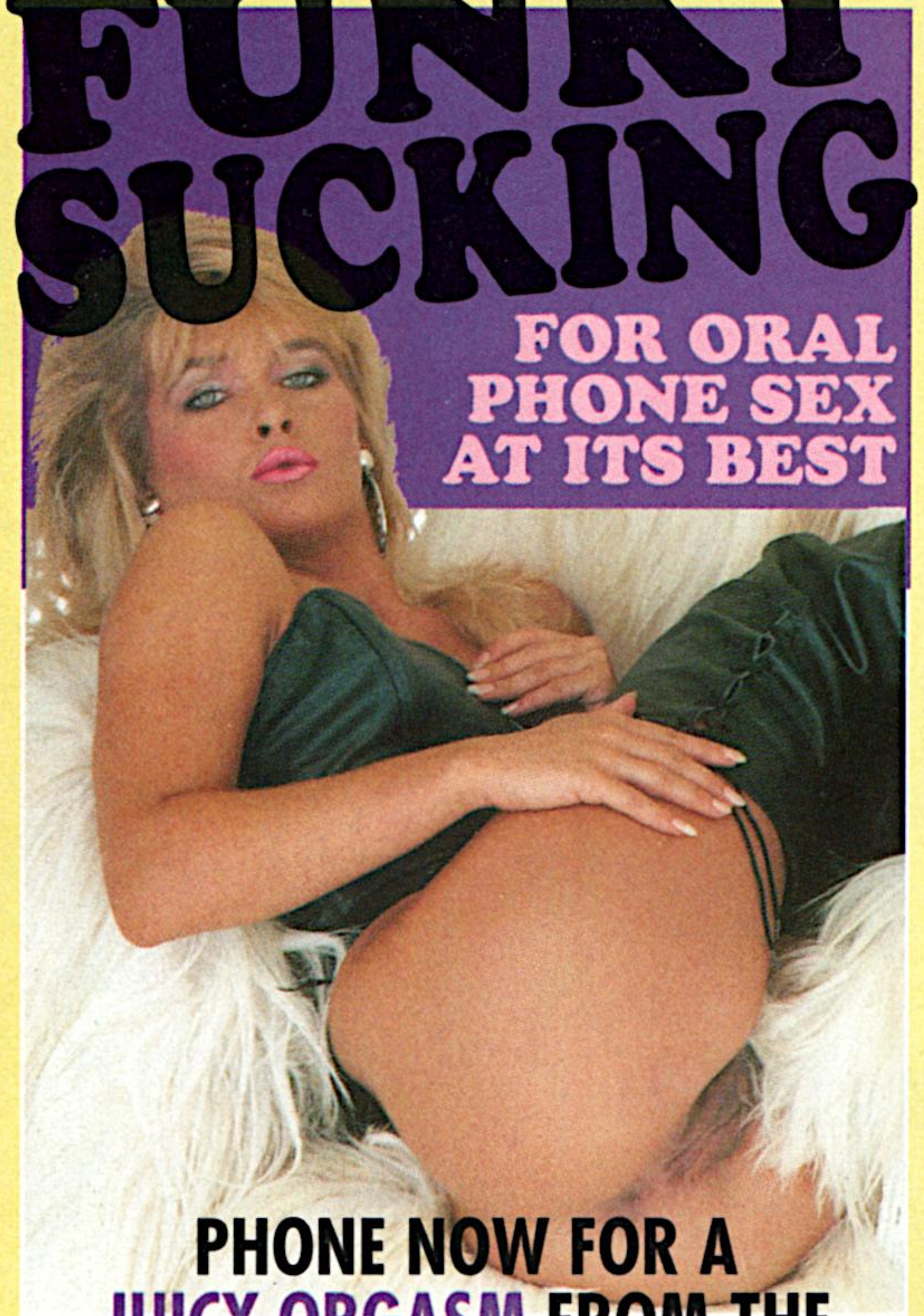

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I'M A RED HOT LICKER!	0898 224 204
TONGUE ME	0898 224 205
IN MY MOUTH	0898 224 206
LICK IT ALL UP!	089 224 207
I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS	0898 224 208
I'LL SUCK IT NOW!	0898 224 209

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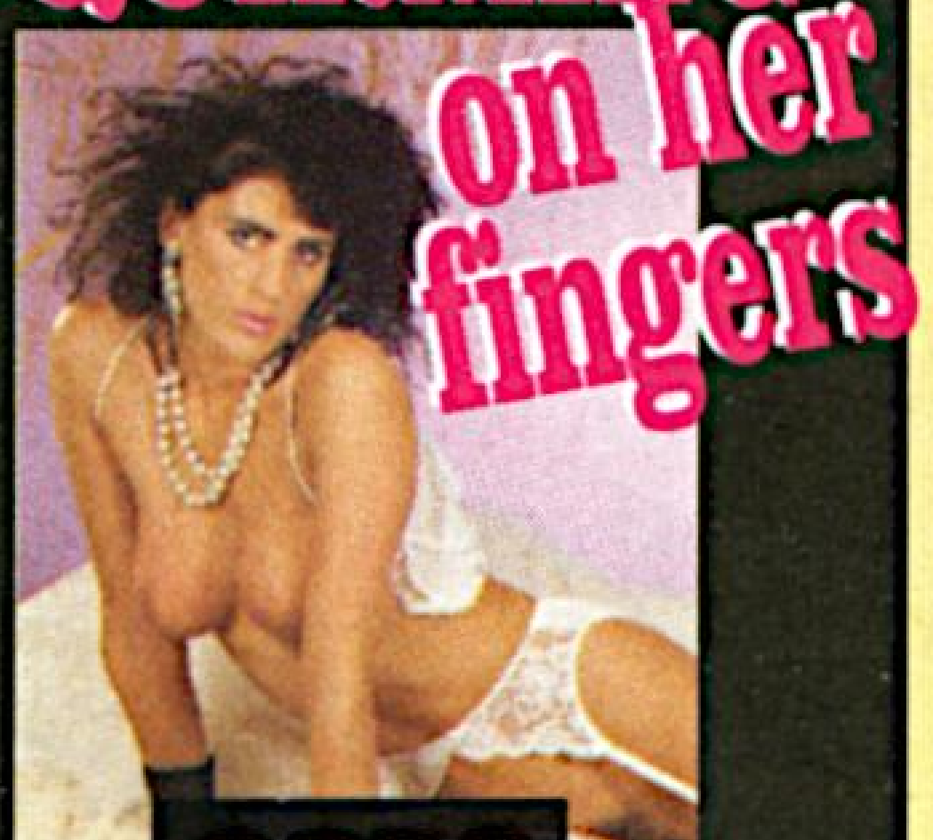
SQUIRMING on her fingers



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FOR ALL YOU *'BOOB MEN'* OUT THERE WE'VE MADE A LIST OF OUR BEST EVER *TOPLESS WONDERS* -LISTEN WHILE YOU GET YOURSELF OFF!

LICK IT OFF MY BREASTS	0898 224 245
PUT YOUR HEAD BETWEEN THEM	0898 224 246
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SHEER BLOUSE, DARK NIPPLES	0898 224 241
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SPURT OVER THEM	0898 224 249

MILK ME!! CALL 0898 224 247

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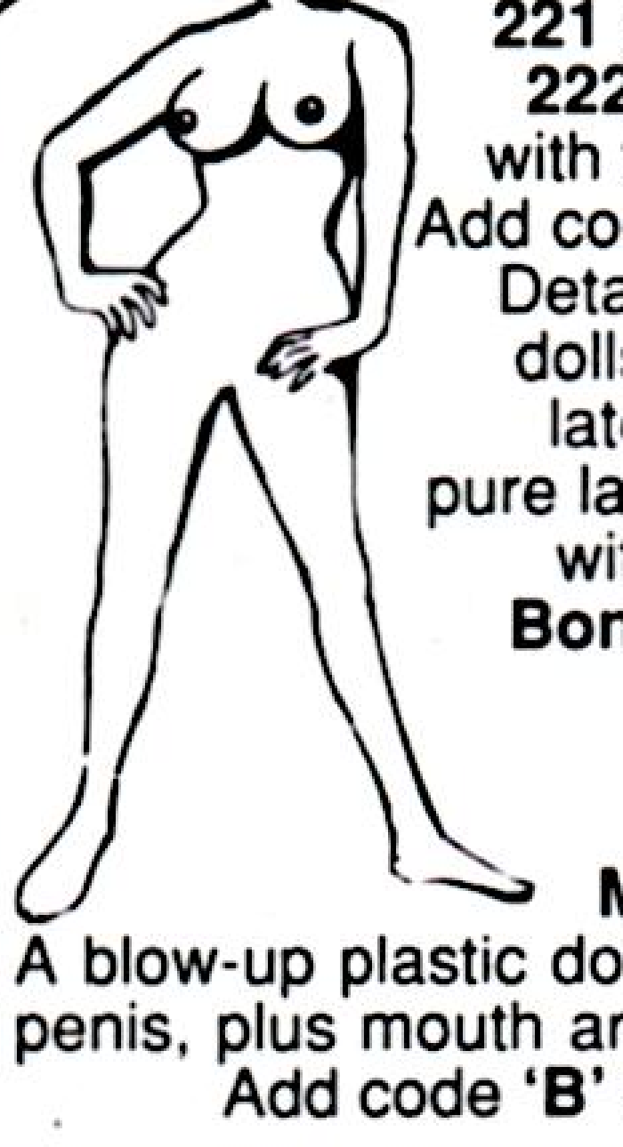

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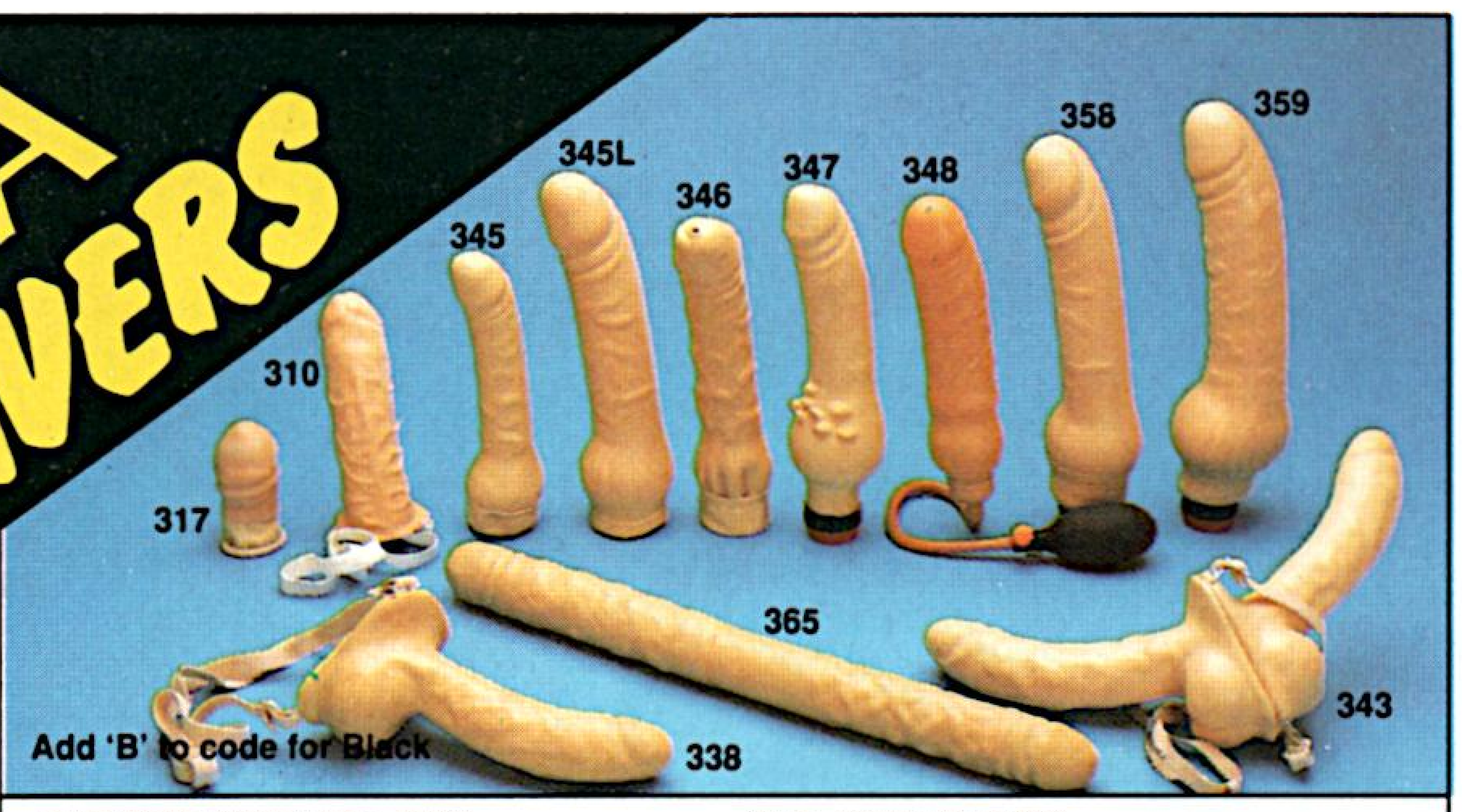

Add 'B' to code for Black

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It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1½" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

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For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

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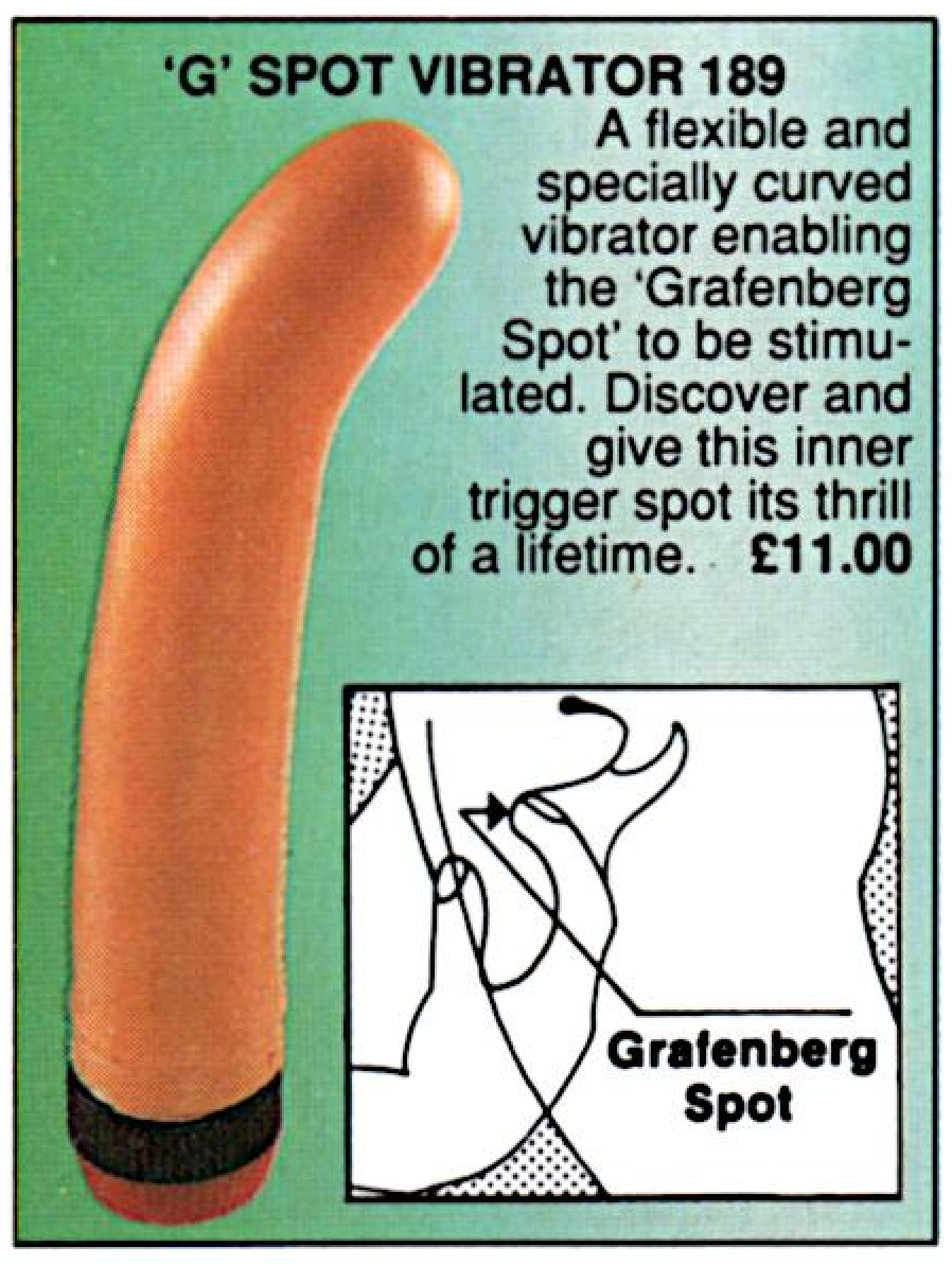

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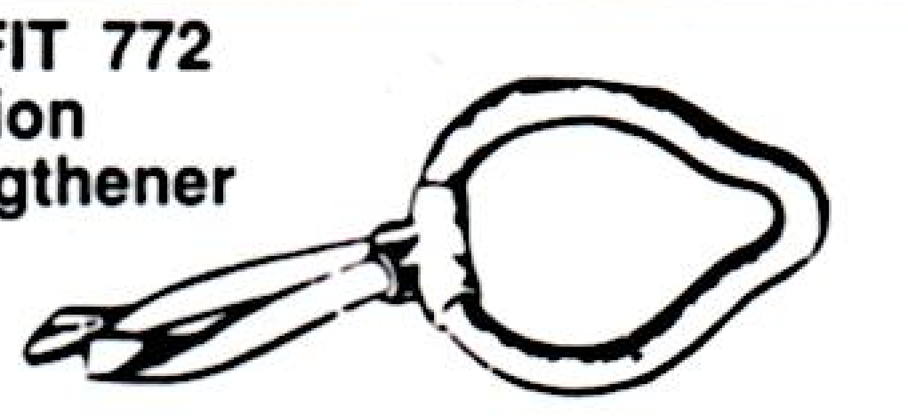

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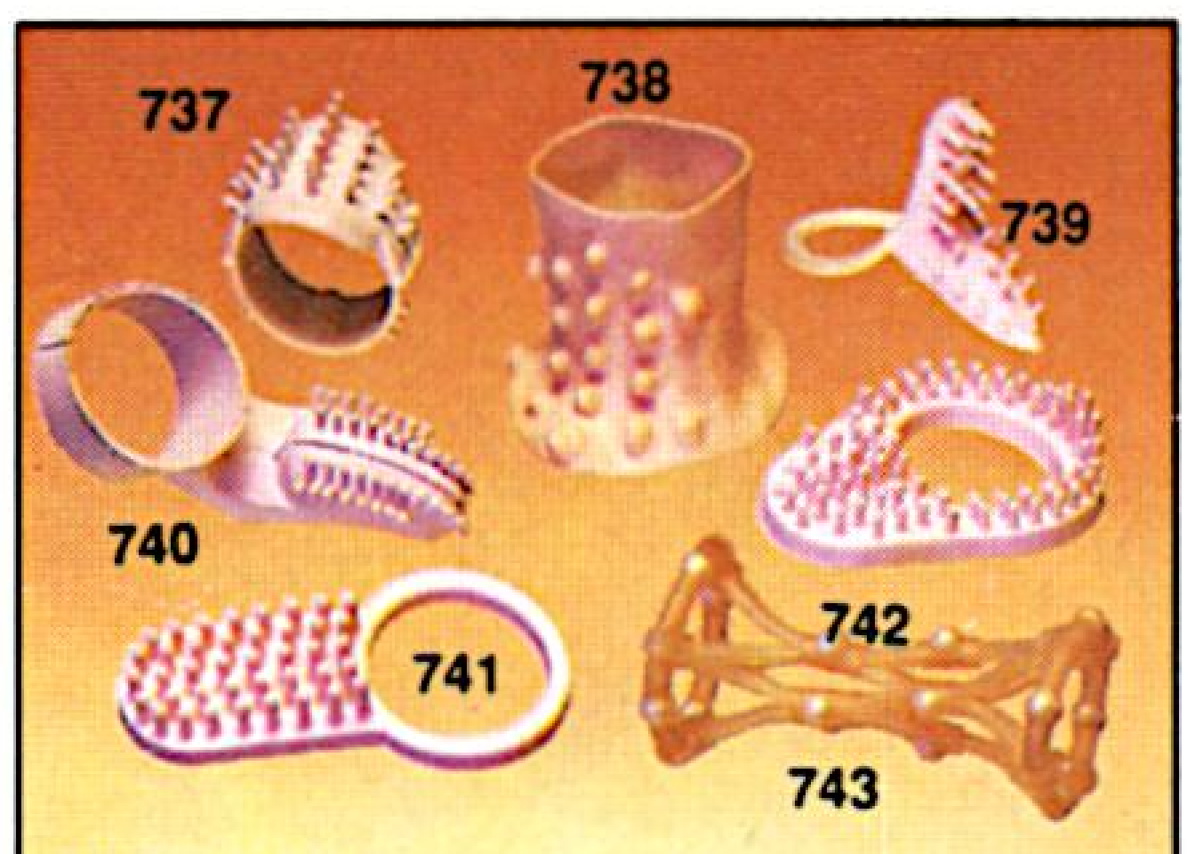

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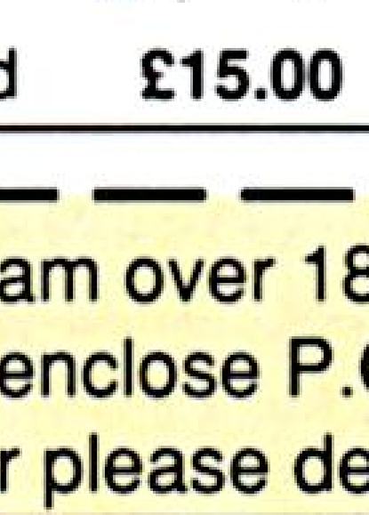

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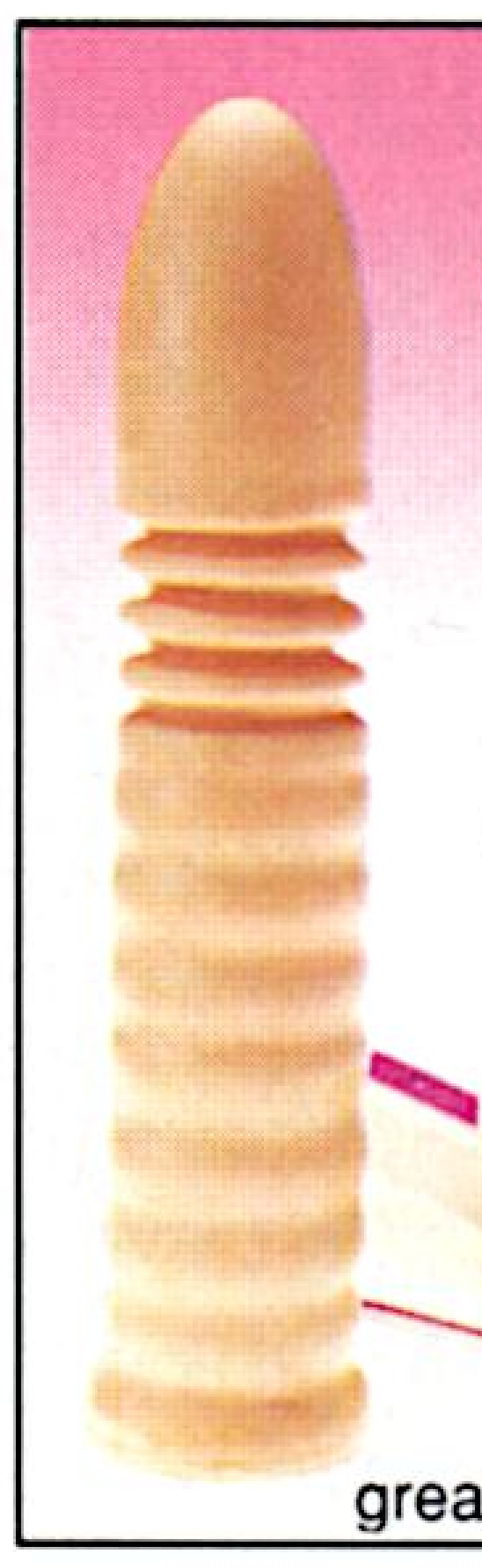

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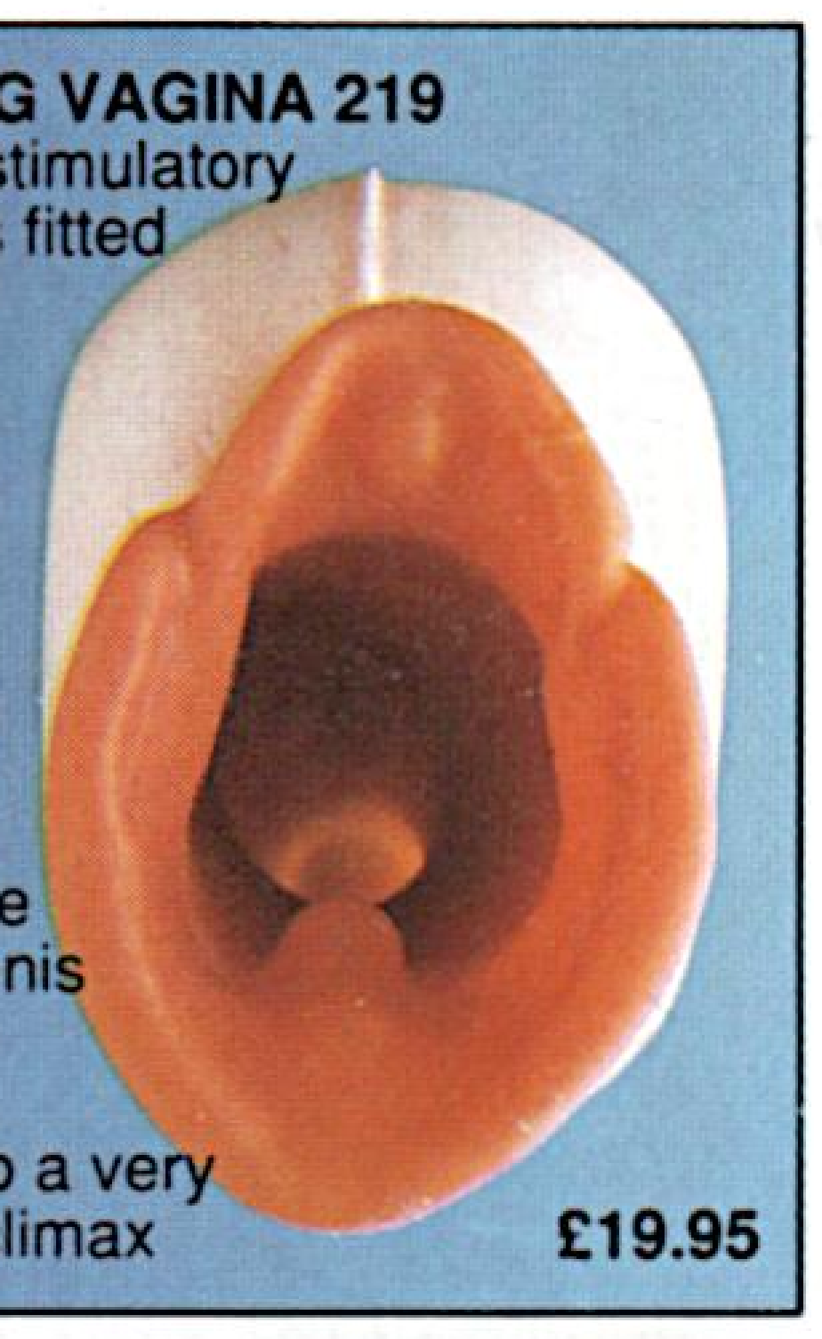

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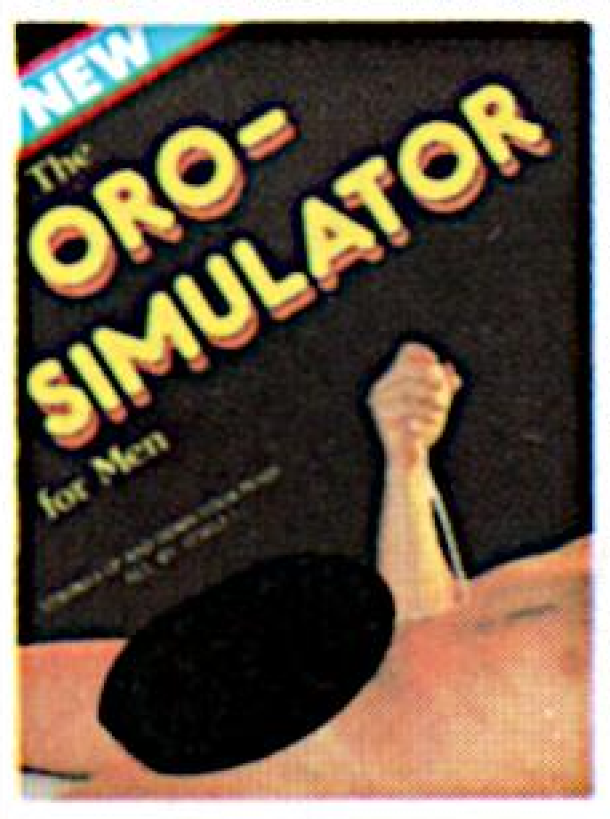

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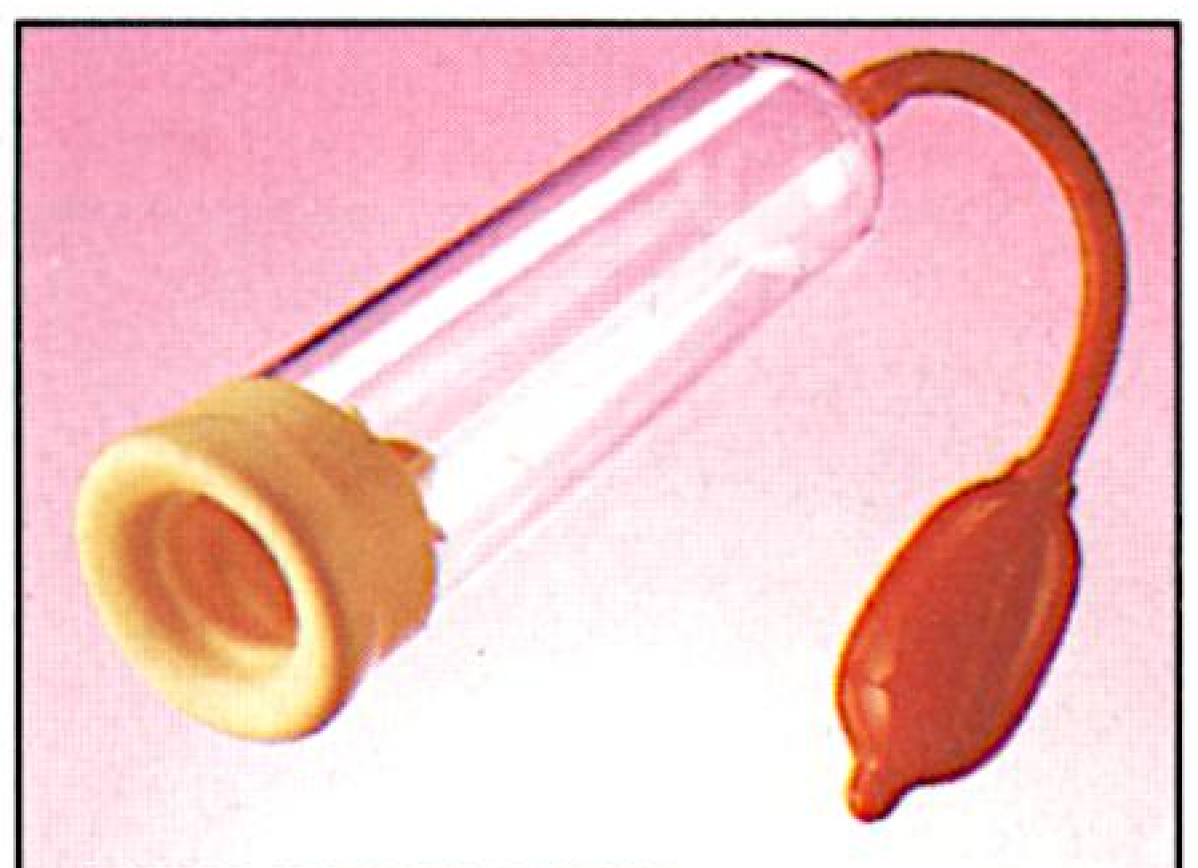

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... my hubby watches

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PUT IT IN MY MOUTH	0338 402 791
BEND ME OVER THE DESK	0338 402 596
SHAVE ME THEN XXXX ME	0338 402 697
SECRETARY NEEDS SPANKING	0338 402 450
SISTER WILL SUCK YOU OFF	0338 402 452
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Scene One:
Horny wives

CAUGHT TALKING DIRTY
0898 224 250
DIAL-A-WIFE
0898 224 251
MY WIFE WILL W**K
0898 224 252
TAKE OFF MY WIFE'S WET PANTIES
0898 224 253
REALLY HORNY HOUSEWIFE
0898 224 254
UNSATISFIED WIFE WANTS WILLY
0898 224 255
I'M A RED HOT LICKER
0898 224 256
HE'S TOO SMALL TO SATISFY - HELP!
0898 224 257
I'LL TALK, YOU DO IT!!
0898 224 258
MY WIFE WILL EXCITE YOU
0898 224 259

Scene Two:
Bottom fetish!

BENT OVER THE DESK
0898 224 260
GET ON YOUR KNEES & CALL
0898 224 261
BACK DOOR DESIRES
0898 224 262
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 224 263

Scene three:
Spanking

OVER MY KNEE
0898 224 264
WHITE PANTIES, RED CHEEKS
0898 224 265
MY BOTTOMS SORE BUT SATISFIED
0898 224 266
STRAP LINES
0898 224 267
BAD BOYS BOTTOM MARKS
0898 224 268
I'M ON ALL FOURS
0898 224 269
HAVE MY SISTERS PANTIES
0898 224 270
SHARE MY HORNY CLOTHES
0898 224 271
UNZIP, GET IT OUT & DIAL
0898 224 298

Scene Four:
Porn Girls

M PLAYING WITH MY TOYS-LISTEN
0898 224 295
LESBIANS 1st TIME
0898 224 296
DIRTY TALKING TARTS
0898 224 291
I'LL TALK YOU OFF
0898 224 299

Scene Five:
Pervy T.V.'s

WEAR MY DIRTY UNDIES
0898 224 279
CLIMAX OVER MY STOCKINGS
0898 224 272
SILK STOCKINGS, HAIRY LEGS!
0898 224 273
PINSTRIPE SUIT, NO KNICKERS!
0898 224 274
CHRIS THE T.V. QUEEN
0898 224 275
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0898 224 276
MOUSTACHE, PAINTED LIPS
0898 224 277

Scene Six:
*W*nkers*

MASTURBATE WHILE I WATCH
0898 224 278
PHONE JERK OFF
0898 224 297
TALK ON THE WILD SIDE
0898 224 280
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH
0898 224 281
SUCKING SISTERS
0898 224 282

Scene Seven:
Dirty Secrets

CALL FOR YOUR RANDY REWARDS
0898 224 283
RUDE SEX SOUNDS
0898 224 284
PERSONAL SEX CHAT
0898 224 285
TONGUE TEAZER!!
0898 224 286
SEDUCED BY THE LANDLORD
0898 224 287
SLIP INTO SLICK LIPS
0898 224 288
CAUGHT MASTURBATING ON THE TRAIN
0898 224 289
FELICITY FINGERS
0898 224 290
PRIVATE SEX COLLECTION
0898 224 294
PLAYING WITH MYSELF
0898 224 292
LOVING MYSELF
0898 224 293

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Horny 18yr old talks filthy 0338 405 512

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 405 565

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

ORAL SEX
Unload in my mouth
0338 405 501

Anita 18 strips
Tracy 19 naked
0338 405 515

Filthy dirty
sordid lesbian SEX
0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

UNCENSORED SPUNKY ORGASMIC SEX CONFESSIONS 0338 405 555

lick my shaven pussy 0338 405 532

secretary needs shagging 0338 405 582

direct sex contacts 0338 405 509

spank my fat arse 0338 405 506

lesbian spanking special 0338 405 504

Unzip & get it out 0338 405 563

I'll strip - you masturbate 0338 405 579

older woman gives head 0338 405 537

I'll masturbate you to climax 0338 405 524

wife will w**k you 0338 405 508

after 2 explicit lesbians 0338 400 160

after 12.00 Oral spurt club 0338 400 130

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WIFE TAKEN BY 2 GUYS
0338 405 503

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MY FANNY ON YOUR FACE 0338 400 783

Debee Ashby gives handjob 0338 400 932

hear me masturbate myself 0338 400 690

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED MY SISTER (18) 0338 400 870

PART MY BUTTOCKS & INSERT 0338 400 676

SECRETARY (20) SUCKS NURSE (25) 0338 400 761

LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0338 400 811

big boobed tit W**k 0338 400 773

Do it to me doggystyle 0338 400 768

AFTER 12 STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826

Suck my nipples 0338 400 807

GET IT OUT - BIG BOY 0338 400 794

Let's masturbate together 0338 400 762

AFTER 2 MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

2 GIRLS 1 DILDO = ORGASM 0338 400 797

Lesbian pussy action 0338 400 892

Spank my bare arse 0338 400 730

ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

THE *Sexiest Girls* YOU HAVE EVER HEARD

Diamond Inc., P.O. Box 272, London SW11. Calls 36p/min. cheap, 48p/min. other times. H2. PRG/13/.25/A.

ADULT UNCENSORED XXX TALK 0898 900 525

LESBIAN TONGUE FUN 0898 900 521	FINGER ME 'TIL I COME 0898 900 524
W * NK MY WIFE! 0898 900 523	USE MY HAND 0898 900 520
MOUTH ACTION 0898 900 527	LICK MY WET PUSSY 0898 900 522
BUSTY & BUXOM 0898 900 529	STOCKINGS & STRAPS 0898 900 528
SHAVEN & SHAMELESS 0898 900 515	WIFE WANTS YOUNG STUDS 0898 900 517
TYPING POOL TEASE 0898 900 519	CAUGHT WITH THEM DOWN 0898 900 516
PERT, PINK NIPPLES 0898 900 526	BONK ME BIG BOY! 0898 900 518

MY PANTIES ON YOUR FACE
0898 777 900
TEENAGE OFFICE JUNIOR DESIRES IT
0898 777 901

RUBBERED RANDY LESBIANS
0898 777 902
T.V. TART
0898 777 914
DRESSED TO THRILL
0898 777 911

HUSBAND USES MY VIB
0898 777 903
MASTURBATING BETWEEN MY MAMS
0898 777 910

Fanny
the female flasher

0898 777 908

FINGERED TO ORGASM
0898 777 905
A FLASH OF WET GUSSET
0898 777 904
UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH
0898 777 907

OPEN LEGS - CROTCHLESS KNICKERS
0898 777 909
I'LL PLAY WITH YOUR STIFF ROD
0898 777 906

PLAY WITH MY PUSSY
0898 777 912
HUNGRY TO BE FILLED
0898 777 913

ELECTRIC LINES, P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. D1 PRG/13/.25/A.

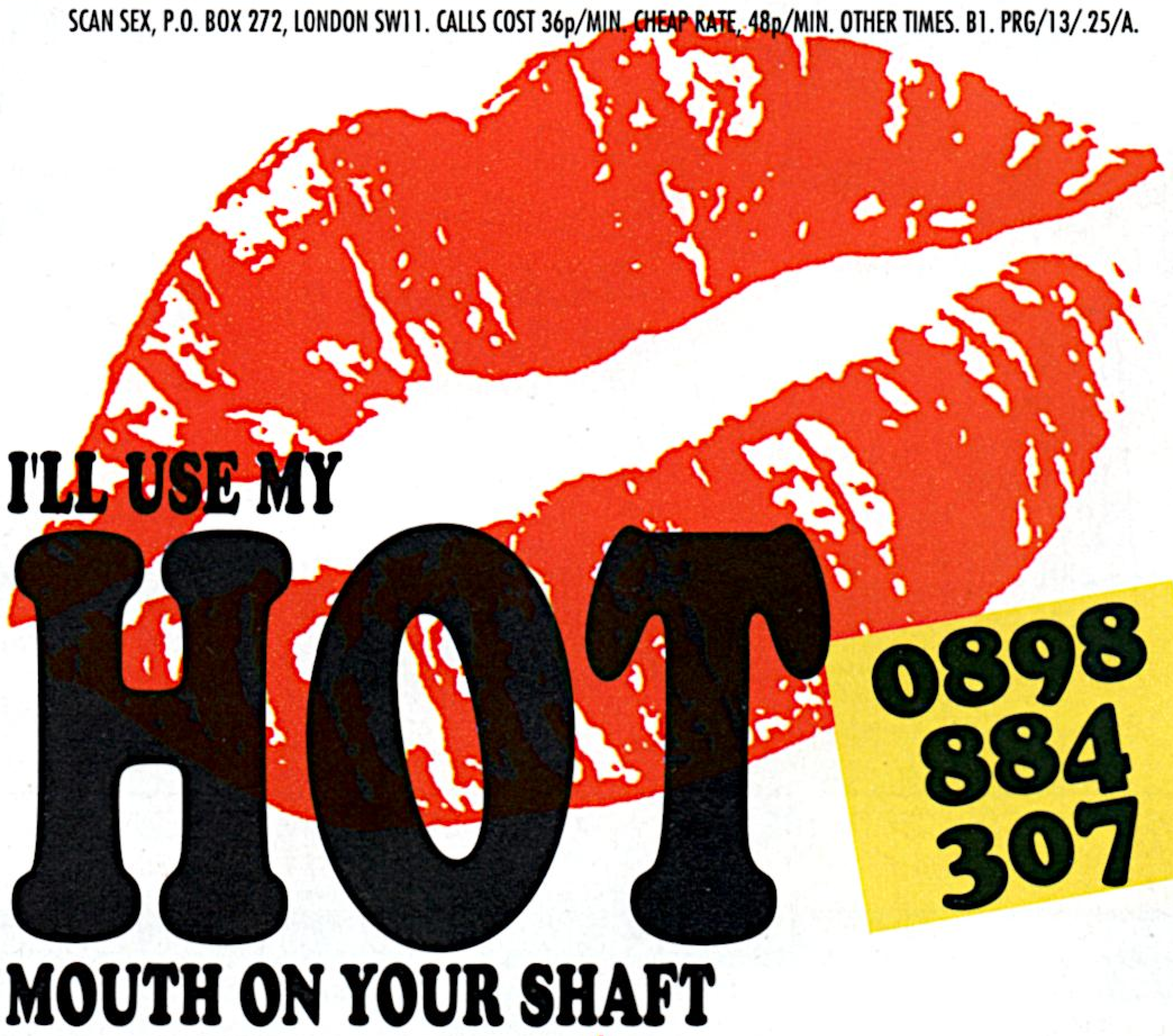
UK's N° 1

HAVE MY LACY KNICKERS
0898 884 200
TOUCHED UP UNDER THE DESK
0898 884 201
I PUSHED MY BREASTS INTO HER FACE
0898 884 202
HEAR ME DO IT
0898 884 203
MY LEATHER THONG
0898 884 204
MY BROTHER CAUGHT ME
0898 884 205
I'LL TALK YOU THROUGH IT
0898 884 206
PUT IT IN MY MOUTH
0898 884 207
BARE BUM WAITING
0898 884 208
LUST FOR MY LINGERIE
0898 884 209
SMALL BREASTS, BIG BUM
0898 884 210
ON ALL FOURS - TELL ME WHAT TO DO
0898 884 211
FEEL MY FANNY
0898 884 212
I LOVE IT UP MY A***
0898 884 213
HIGH HEELS, HAIRY LEGS
0898 884 214

WARNING ADULTS ONLY XXX SEX RECORDINGS

CONFIDENTIAL PHONE CO., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS 36P/MIN. CHEAP RATE 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES. A1. PRG/13/.25/A

SCAN SEX, P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. B1. PRG/13/.25/A.



I'LL USE MY HOT MOUTH ON YOUR SHAFT

0898 884 307

TAKE MY PANTIES DOWN 0898 884 300	EXPLICIT SOUNDS OF SEX 0898 884 308
OVER MY DESK 0898 884 301	SWEATY IN NYLON KNICKERS 0898 884 309
LESBIAN'S FIRST TIME 0898 884 302	XXX DIRTY DIAL-IN 0898 884 310
CALL ME & TALK DIRTY 0898 884 303	MY LEGS ARE SPREAD FOR YOU 0898 884 311
MY PANTIES IN YOUR POCKET 0898 884 304	I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX 0898 884 312
ME & MY NAUGHTY MAGS 0898 884 305	TALK SEXY WITH ME 0898 884 313
I'LL GIVE YOU HAND RELIEF 0898 884 306	MY HUBBY WEARS MY CLOTHES 0898 884 314

FW. M.O. Division, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

FIONA WRIGHT INVESTIGATES EUROPE'S HOTTEST UNCERTIFICATED VIDEOS

THIS week I have personally been watching the hottest, horniest videos I've ever seen in my life—what a week!

And it's all thanks to the bowler hat brigade in Brussels. 1992 is here and the import barriers are down just in time.

I have been able to get hold of sixteen, yes sixteen, **uncut uncertificated** films of highest quality from **Scandinavia** and can offer them to you at a fraction of what they should cost.

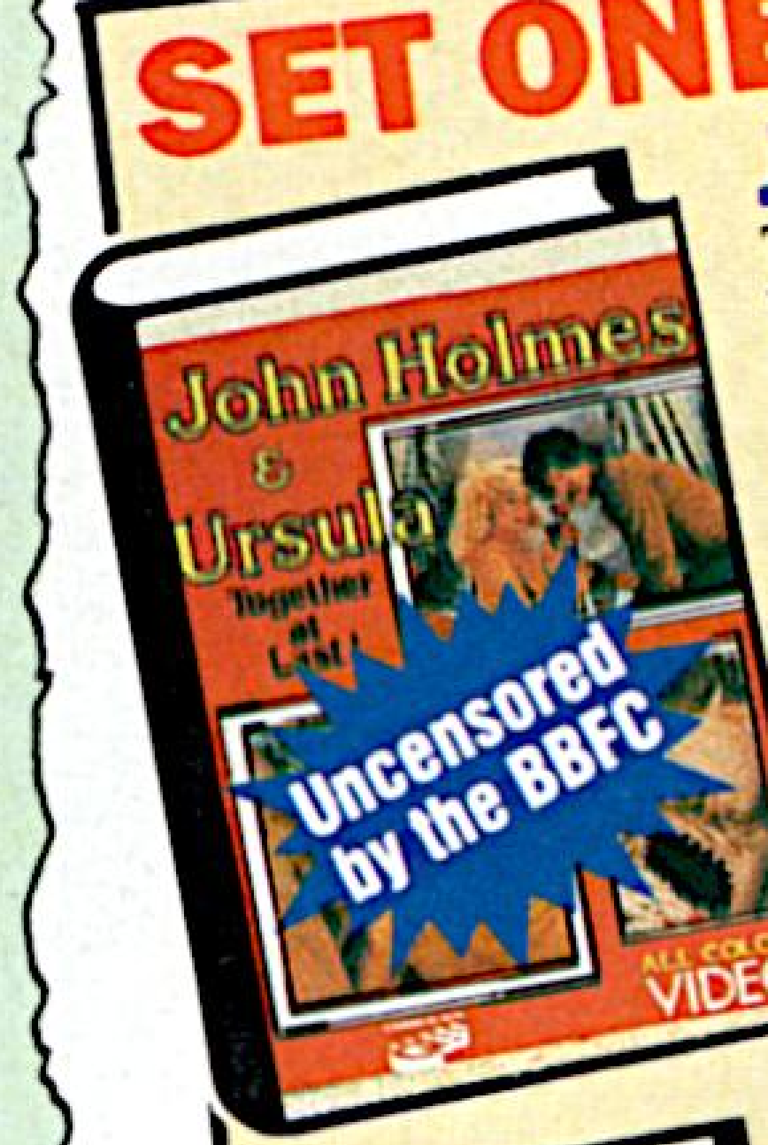
To get around import restrictions I've had to offer these very special films in pairs and sets of four but this will also reduce transport and handling costs so they come to you **even cheaper!**

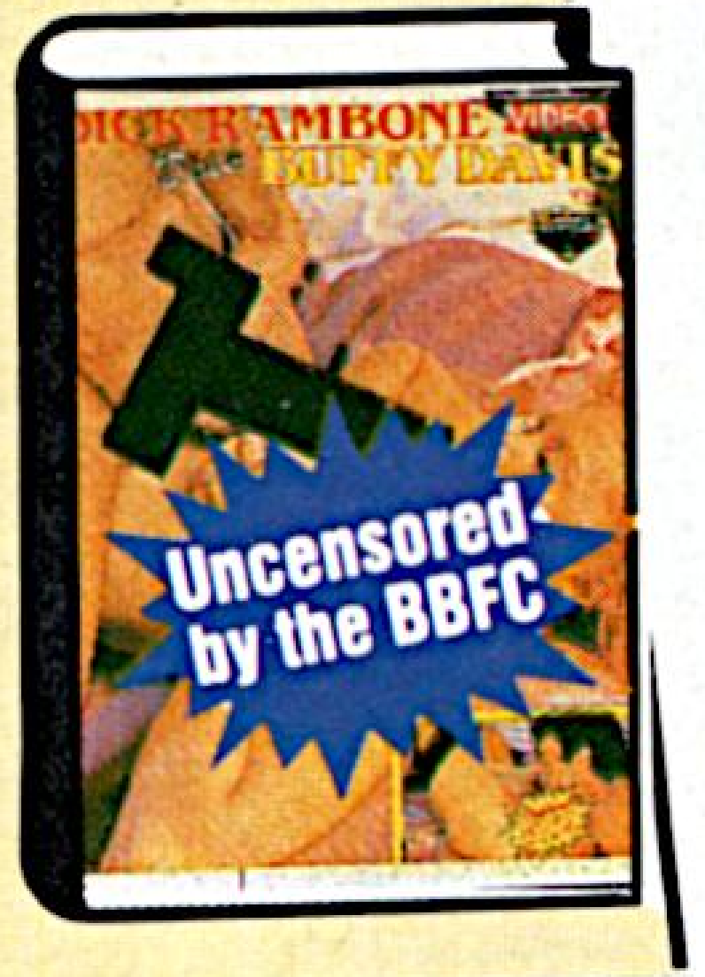
Order your copies of the hardest most explicit **uncertified** videos at unbeatable prices

WARNING: The following videos are uncertified, imported from USA/Europe. They are totally uncensored, hardcore explicit videos not for sale through any outlet in the UK. These are NOT similar to anything else on the market, they are truely hardcore and completely UNCENSORED by the BBFC. The hardest videos available in the UK. You have been warned.

SET ONE x 4

Mid-1992 prices will be £59.00 each —SPECIAL OFFER—ALL 4 ONLY £19.95.





John Holmes and Ursula

THE man with the biggest XXXX in the business uses his ten inches to great effect—Ursula takes it from every angle in this **uncut** special. Every sex act imaginable, all in graphic detail.

Exciting

ANOTHER classic previously only available on the continent. Full of the best XXX penetration I remember. A sensational uniform lesbian scene. We're talking hot, hot action.

Dick Rambone Does Buffy Davis

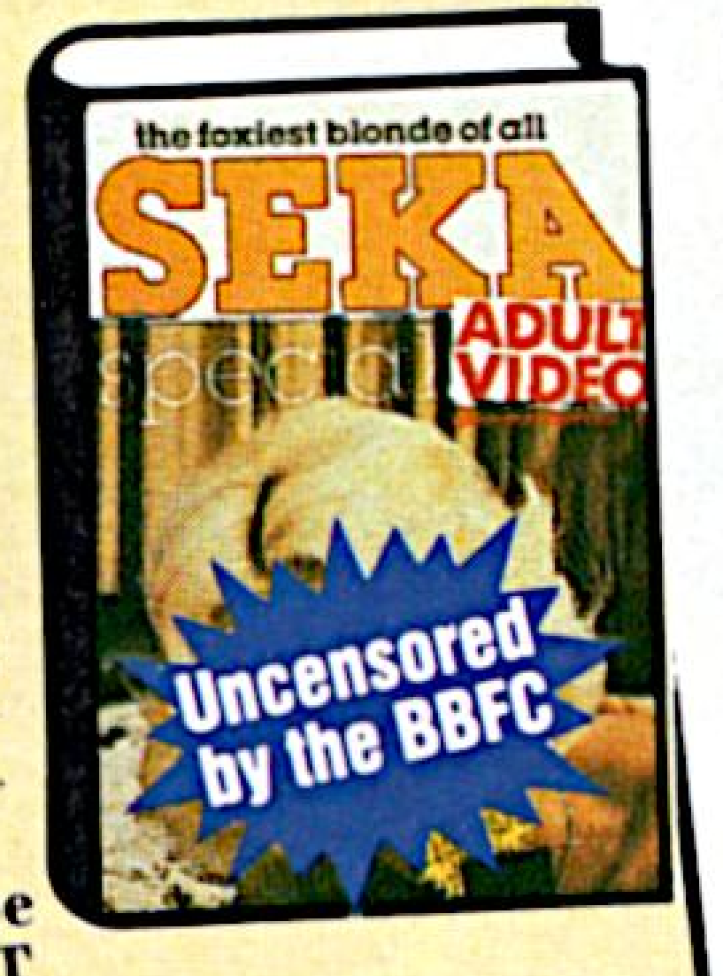
AND he does!! Big buxom Buffy is "done" in every conceivable position with Dick's XXXXX XXX (Censored) XXXXX. Finishes with a terrific two on one scene. Good close-up and penetration shots.

Seka Special

PROBABLY the most explicit film I've been lucky enough to see. Superb oral action. An excellent porno nurse scene and a memorable orgy. Seka is incredible. This really should not be missed.

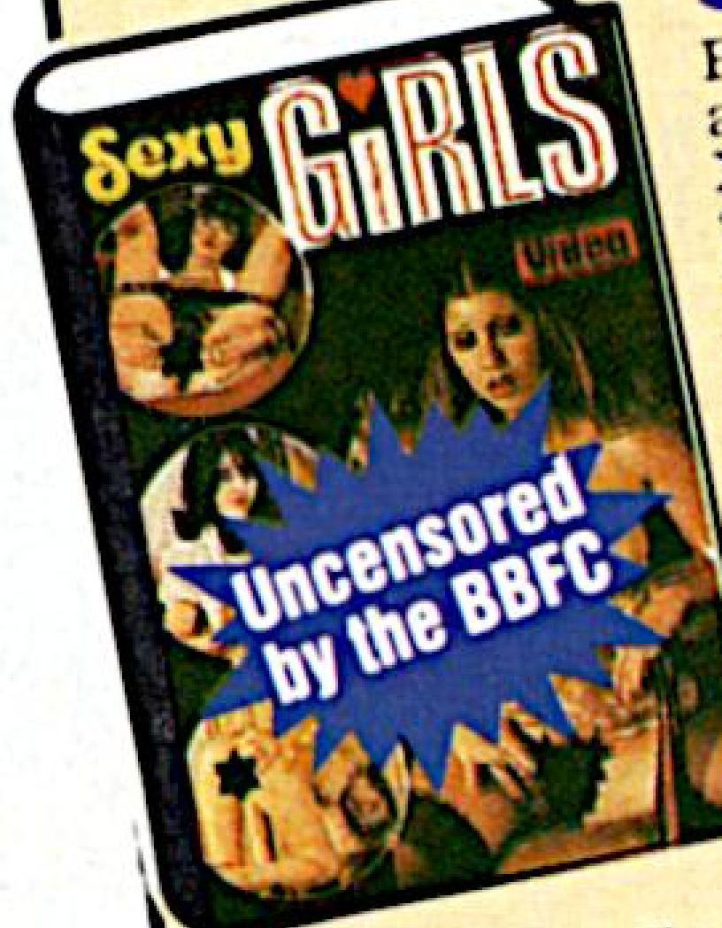
This set of four will sell individually for around £59.00 each, but they can be yours for just £19.95—THAT'S RIGHT £19.95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £19.95 EACH.

EXCITING
Uncensored by the BBFC



SET TWO x 4

Mid-1992 prices will be £59.00 each —SPECIAL OFFER—ALL 4 ONLY £19.95.



BLUE SCREW
ADULTS ONLY VIDEO
Uncensored by the BBFC

Sexy Girls

PACKED with well-built sexy girls and a variety of household implements plus XXXXX XXX and a very large selection of very large XXXXXX. This was my favourite—and I made sure I kept a copy.

Color Climax 125

EXACTLY what you would expect from this classic Scandinavian title. Excellent XXXXX action and hot lesbian scenes. One of my boyfriends favourites—I got a night to remember!

Blue Screw

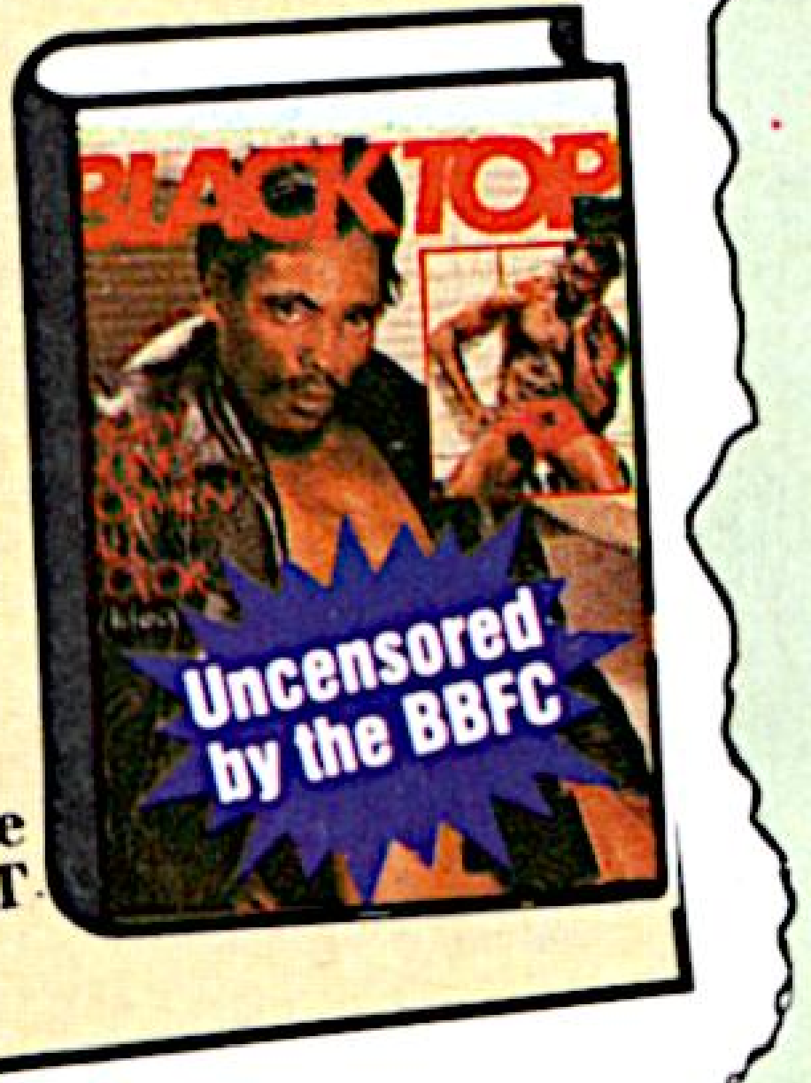
THE best group and lesbian action I've ever seen. Full penetration, orgasm and XXXXXXXX. This film is guaranteed to bring you instant sexual relief. The three girl lesbian orgy is a classic.

Black Top

A SPECIAL for gays, and girls who like their man big. This is a hot all male film with more muscle than I've seen before. I loved it.

This set of four will sell individually for around £59.00 each, but they can be yours for just £19.95—THAT'S RIGHT £19.95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £19.95 EACH.

COLOR CLIMAX
Uncensored by the BBFC



EXTRA—EXTRA

As well as the two sets of 4 films I have put together, 8 more that you can buy in pairs. Selling for up to ~~£59.00~~ each you can have any pair for just £11.95.

Pair A Rodox 21 and Rodox 28

GENUINE oral group and lesbian sex action. It's fast moving, explicit and horny close-up shots of sexual relief, see it all in full colour. *was ~~£59.95~~* *You will not be able to buy anything else like this in the UK* ***£11.95.***

Pair B Color Climax 133 & Color Climax 142

ONE man tries to satisfy a group of horny girls. When he fails they turn to each other! Group female action in close-up feature shots. You will not believe your eyes when you see what these girls can do for each other. *was ~~£54.95~~* *A lesbian fantasy* ***£11.95.***

Pair C Busen 13 and Rodox 39

PENETRATNG video on all counts. Amateur girls in tight white panties are stripped for all their mutual pleasures. Leaves nothing to the imagination. Uncensored and very horny. Close-ups to satisfy all full-blooded men. *Was ~~£54.95,~~ now only* ***£11.95.***

Pair D Exciting 23 and Teenage Sex II

GROUP sex action, college girl wants to give them much more than an apple!! See what horny girls like to do to the men in their life, and to each other. *was ~~£59.95~~* *Dirty action that left me in a state of fulfilment* ***£11.95.***

ALL 8 UNCENSORED VIDEOS FOR ONLY £37.50
YES, ALL 8 FOR JUST £37.50

☎ **'SEX SERVICES ON THE PHONE'.** Call on 0898 884 900

☎ **LESBIANS** talk horny to each other. Call on 0898 884 070

Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE: 081-534 8855 (24 Hrs.)

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30-6pm (Fri. 8pm) Prices or offers shown are for Mail Order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP21

FW. M.O. Division, Dept C I, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

Dear Fiona, please send me the following VHS videos, under plain wrapper. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £__________ plus £1 p&p no matter how many I order. If paying by cheque, make payable to M.O. Division and add your name and address to reverse.

☐ **SET 1 x 4 TITLES £19.95**
☐ **SET 2 x 4 TITLES £19.95**
☐ **ALL 8 ABOVE TITLES £37.50**

☐ **PAIR A x 2 TITLES £11.95**
☐ **PAIR C x 2 TITLES £11.95**
☐ **PAIR B x 2 TITLES £11.95**
☐ **PAIR D x 2 TITLES £11.95**
☐ **ALL 8 ABOVE TITLES £37.50**

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

____

____________________ Postcode ________________

I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that the titles are grouped on video cassettes as stated.
I undertake not to give or show them to minors. Signed ________________________

1596

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

BLUE SEX CLASSIFIED

Long Legs IN BLACK STOCKINGS
CALL 0898 224 360
D.N., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES.

Fumble my frilly knickers 0898 224 394
Rip my knickers off now! 0898 224 388
Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
Hands down for a good feel 0898 224 365
Let Auntie tease you off! 0898 224 366
Auntie pulls her skirt up 0898 224 368
I love to expose myself 0898 224 376
Desperate Sarah can't get enough 0898 224 378
Housewife needs a hand 0898 224 383

I'LL STRIP SLOWLY AS YOU WATCH 0898 224 354
MINE'S COOL AND CLEAN SHAVEN 0898 224 375
FRUSTRATED WIFE - READY FOR YOU 0898 224 377

Paula's pussy

LOVES HER HAND
LISTEN TO HER DO IT ON 0898 224 363

MY LIPS TO YOUR THROBBER

0898 224 367

D.N., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

PHONE SEX PARTY!

ADULTS ONLY!

My skirts up & I'm ready 0898 224 353
I need a hand with wet panties 0898 224 364
Let me lick your tip! 0898 224 382
Full French knickers 0898 224 390
I'd love a hard swallow! 0898 224 387
Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
I want you - anytime anyplace 0898 224 371

I'M 18, BLONDE & I NEED IT NOW!! Please call me on 0898 224 373

BRA BUSTER NEEDS HELP 0898 224 370 for a titty SPECIAL!

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

SHORT SKIRT
IN THE OFFICE
CALL 0898 224 379 for the lowdown on hot sex action!!

Miss Robinson takes it down! 0898 224 391

ADULTS ONLY ACTION

My boss keeps faxing me! 0898 224 361

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES. PRG/BUR/A1

NEW PERSONAL HARDCORE ADULT SEX SERVICE for the HORNIEST CLIMAX from the SEXIEST GIRLS!

Personal Service

BE WARNED: These are adult services containing extremely explicit messages from porno girls who deal in high levels of sexual satisfaction for ***MEN ONLY.***

I USED HER HAND 0898 224 362
LUCKY LICKER 0898 224 357
LES DO IT! 0898 224 392
BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE 0898 224 356

Cream on my tongue 0898 224 385

STICKY FINGER DELIGHT 0898 224 350
TONGUE TIED PLEASURE 0898 224 352
FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST 0898 224 359
PANTY PEELER WANTED 0898 224 369

Nurse Nina's way 0898 224 384

SUZIE USES A SAUSAGE 0898 224 380
JANE JACKS HERSELF 0898 224 393
I'M A TOPLESS TEASER 0898 224 386
BIG BOOBED BETTY 0898 224 389

I LOVE TO LICK! 0898 224 355
LISTEN TO ME LOVE MYSELF 0898 224 372
DRESS UP WITH ME... 0898 224 374
2 BLONDES TOGETHER! 0898 224 351

NEW LIVE RECORDING
SQUIRMING ON HER FINGERS! 0898 224 381

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

Supernova, Postbus 1230,
1000BE Amsterdam, Holland

HARD SWEDISH VIDEOS

Direct from Amsterdam

Just £9.95!

Whatever your tastes we've got a hard, explicit video just for you! We are Europe's LARGEST supplier of sex videos and NOW we are supplying UK BUYERS. Due to the 1992 Unification of Europe EEC rules it is now entirely legal to supply any part of the EEC.

Pick your own type of videos

We can supply ANY TYPE OF VIDEO YOU WANT — However we would point out that all models are over 18 years of age. Subject to that fact we cater for EVERY SUBJECT including: Explicit Singles, F/F Action, F/M Hetero Action, F/M/F Group Action, 2 Person Action, Gay, Bizarre, Pony Sex. WHEN YOU ORDER OUR VIDEOS — YOU PICK THE SUBJECT(S).

How to order

Simply fill in the coupon below:

1-Hour Sample Video £9.95
3-Hour Video £24.95 and
6-Hours of Videos £39.95

Postage and package is FREE. WE ACCEPT ENGLISH postal orders, cheques or cash. *Remember, to send a letter to Holland you need to put on a 24p stamp.* So — get the best and hardest videos in Europe — fill in this order coupon.

SUPERNOVA,
POSTBUS 1230, 1000BE,
Amsterdam, Holland
C1

Please send me the following on VHS only:

☐ 1-Hour Sample Tape £9.95
☐ 3-Hour Video £24.95
☐ 6-Hour Video £39.95

The subjects I want on the tape are: ____________

I enclose cheques/ postal order/cash for £______
I understand that P&P is free.

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________

POSTCODE ____________

I am aware of the nature of these Videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.

Signed: ____________

Former Miss Denmark brings you the adult bargains of the year

TRINE MICHELSON'S BARGAIN BONANZA

All goods at 'Trade Prices'

Imminent bankruptcy forces 'At Cost' Adult goods sale

I HAVE been approached by the owners of a large adult goods distribution business who are facing bankruptcy in a couple of months unless they sell all their current stocks very quickly – *AT COST PRICES.*

I have personally inspected all the goods, they are of the highest quality and ready for immediate despatch — **At prices you will not be able to beat anywhere.**

High-quality

To make sure that every reader can benefit from this amazing once-in-a-lifetime offer, I'm afraid I have to restrict readers to 10 products on each order, but the savings are still hard to believe.

I cannot promise you will ever get another chance to buy such a high-quality assortment of adult products at trade prices again — so get your orders in the post today.

☎ CREDIT CARD 24hr PHONE LINE
081-534 8855

☎ **2 SWEDISH GIRLS . . .**
pure pleasure 0898 770 223
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate; 48p a minute at all other times.

PRIVATE LINES,
627 Forest Rd., London E17 4NE

LINGERIE

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
L1	Sexy Baby Doll Set Sizzling night-time fun in a classic style	~~£15.00~~	£5.25
L2	Wet Look Posing Pouch Make the most of everything you've got	~~£10.00~~	£4.75
L3	Thong & Suspender Set Hot, hot, hot — highest quality	~~£10.00~~	£4.75
L4	Lacy Bra, Brief & Suspender Set Sex and romance rolled into one	~~£20.00~~	£7.50
L5	Seamed Stockings Sheer horny and classy	~~£2.00~~	£1.00
L6	Seamed Fishnet Stockings A classic — knock their socks off	~~£3.00~~	£1.50
L7	Body Stocking One-piece hot 'n' horny fun	~~£15.00~~	£4.75
L8	Wet Look Bra/Brief/Susp Set Just a touch kinky — very sexy!	~~£20.00~~	£9.45
L9	3 Pairs Open Crotch Panties What can I say!	~~£15.00~~	£5.95

SEX AIDS & NOVELTIES

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
A1	Worldwide Condom Pack Essential goodies for the adventurous lover	~~£20.00~~	£5.50
A2	Fruity Condoms × 20 Tasty addition to your lovelife	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
A3	Multi-coloured Condoms × 20 Put the colour back in your cheeks!	~~£7.00~~	£2.95
A4	Deluxe Massager Seven inches of good vibrations	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
A5	Deluxe Six-part Massager A multi-header for every nook and cranny	~~£25.00~~	£6.50
A6	Penis Developer Guarantees big-boy development in no time	~~£20.00~~	£4.95
A7	Double Vibrating Dildo A high-quality, two-finger vibe for stunning fun	~~£25.00~~	£6.25

PILLS & POTIONS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
P1	Intimate Lubricant Non-staining, colourless, odourless luxury	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
P2	Famous Spanish Fly Drops The ultimate liquid aphrodisiac	~~£13.00~~	£4.50
P3	Famous Spanish Fly Cream Pure aphrodisiac power in luxury cream	~~£13.00~~	£4.25
P4	Liebeszucker Europe's strongest love-sugar aphrodisiac	~~£9.00~~	£3.25
P5	Delay Spray For Men Allows you to keep on going all night	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
P6	Intimate Oriental Massage Oil Begin your night of lust with class and luxury	~~£10.00~~	£3.75
P7	Male Pheromone Spray Attracts women like bees to a honey pot!	~~£15.00~~	£5.95
P8	Lady Bliss Cream Takes every lady to new heights of sexual pleasure	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
P9	Famous Spanish Fly Capsules Gives you the lust of a young stallion	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
P10	Male Stop Stop Cream Keeps you in control as long as you want	~~£9.00~~	£2.50

MAGS, BOOKS & VIDEOS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
M1	Mega Contact Mag Pack Direct access to direct adult action	~~£25.00~~	£3.95
M2	Explicit Hard Adult Mag Pack Hardest Continental action in full colour	~~£30.00~~	£4.95
M3	Uncertificated Video Sampler European, uncertificated, explicit porn *VHS only*	~~£49.95~~	£4.95
M4	Full-length Explicit Adult Video Full-length, high quality and explicit *VHS only*	~~£39.95~~	£3.95
M5	"One For The Ladies" Mag Pack Big, big boys in uncensored poses	~~£20.00~~	£3.95
M6	The Manual Of Safe Sex Full colour, fascinating — an adult *MUST!*	~~£15.00~~	£3.25
M7	Advanced Sexual Positions An essential guide for every sexually-active adult	~~£15.00~~	£3.75

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30am-6pm (Fri. 8pm)
Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.
SP21

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

PRIVATE LINES
(Dept. CI)627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE
1632
Please send me the items as listed below:

Item Code	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £______ made payable to M.O. DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name ____________
Address ____________

Postcode ____________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18. Signed ____________

BE WARNED!

TOTALLY EXPLICIT SEX LINES FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE SATISFACTION!

* * * * * *

Shaven Girls Exploit Well Blessed Virile Male Hair Raising Details
0898 100 479

Rings on Her Nipples and on Her . . . Just Ring
0898 100 467
for Kinky Details

Wet, Slippery and Vibrant!
0898 700 315

Straight Horny Talk
0898 100 478

* * * * * *

Personal Classified

[redacted] Needs a Cream Filler – Just Listen!
0898 100 489

One Bedroom Flat, room for 6 Men. Ring Jenny on
0898 100 482

Large Vibrator, used only once, will exchange for the real thing. Ring Margaret on
0898 100 484

Two Girls Seeking Another Girl for Pleasure
0898 100 423

Busty nympho guarantees oral satisfaction
0898 100 469

Bored, Frustrated Housewife Up for Grabs
0898 100 475

Big Busted Gal Seeks Well Endowed Man (Thruster)
0898 100 430

Susan – Not just another Phone Call but another Super Climax! (Handy)
0898 100 474

NAMES AND NUMBERS OF TOP GLAMOUR MODELS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED!
0898 100 421

ANNE'S SEX CLUB HAS (BIG OPENING!) FOR 4 MORE GUYS	0898 100 480
GENUINE GUY SEEKS RELATIONSHIP WITH ANOTHER GUY	0898 700 362
FUN GIRL REQUIRES GIRLFRIEND FOR DOUBLE ENDED VIBRATOR	0898 100 485
VIRGIN NEEDS SYMPATHETIC MALE MEMBER – RING ANGELICA ON	0898 100 407
SEX IN THE SUPERMARKET SHE JUST DOESN'T CARE WHERE	0898 100 477
DEBBIE & CLARE – SPEAK TO TWO GIRLS WITH JUST ONE CALL	0898 700 349
ANABELLE PUTS THE PHONE IN HER MOUTH – JUST LISTEN!	0898 100 459
SUCK LINE FOR PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T GIVE A TOSS!	0898 100 464
JUST USE YOUR HAND AND EAR FOR SATISFACTION	0898 100 415

I'm Waiting Obscene Sex! Girl Tells All	**0898 100 468**
Nervous Girl Tells of Her First Encounters!	**0898 100 409**
Extreme Sex! All Fantasies Exploited	**0898 100 422**
Annie with a Pouting… Too Obscene for Words	**0898 700 332**

BELINDA'S STIFF TALK!	0898 100 458	ANN TAKES THREE	0898 100 463
JAM & WHITE CUSTARD	0898 700 322	FULL ORGASMIC GROANS	0898 700 334
LACED UP TO THRILL	0898 100 419	CREAM SPLIT	0898 100 488
CUCUMBER & KY!	0898 100 440	HOT, THICK & STEAMY	0898 100 441
TRACEY'S FINGER MUFF	0898 100 491	* * * *	

HOW TO USE YOUR PHONE AS A SEX TOOL!
Just Listen and then Play!
0898 700 316

FREE SEX VIDEOS
JUST RING
0225 751030

Two Girls, Two Tongues
0898 100 486

Personal Panty Line	0898 100 456
The No 'Wind Ups' Super Climax Line	0898 100 476
Adult Photos Described in Detail, Ring	0898 700 361

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG LTD P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

18-22 YR OLD GIRLS

Teach Me Please (19)
0898 442 091
18 and Randy
0898 442 120
Let Me Stroke It! (18)
0898 442 141
College Girls (18-22)
0898 442 199
Young and Sticky (19)
0898 442 092

YOUNG GIRLS
AVAILABLE NOW!

SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS AND GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo 0898 442 093
2 Gays / 1 Bar of Soap 0898 442 181
Young Girl / Older Man 0898 442 144
SEXUAL NOISES 0898 442 160
Straight Masturbation 0898 442 121

WE MADE THEM LIVE

SEX LINES AND SEX TALK

SEX DATES TONIGHT !

JUST A SAMPLE OF OUR
SEX DAY GIRLS
LONDON - Mary likes it doggy fashion - **0898 442 195**
SCOT - Judy sucks you dry anytime - **0898 442 139**
N.E. Sarah licks you all over and sits on your face - **0898 442 094**
S.E. Pat is into T.V. dressing Bizzare - **0898 700 302**
S.W. Lesley likes it hard and rough - **0898 700 350**

ALL CALLERS CAN ACCESS OUR GIRLS ON A FIND A SEX CONTACT PERMUTATION IN YOUR AREA SO DIAL NOW!

TALK FILTHY TO ME
While I do it
0898 300 880
DIAL HER NOW

SEX TALK GIRLS

(NO CREDIT CARDS)
081 871 2181 for FREE LIVE ONE TO ONE
SEX CHAT
TAMMY- into doggy talk and does it- **0898 700 331**
JANE (18) does it while you do it **0898 700 335**
JACKIE- likes to make the noises while she does it - **0898 700 337**
PATTY (49) likes men with no experience **0898 700 382**
STUDENT- likes discreet sex talk and more **0898 300 869**
GAY- likes to talk and meet in secret - **0898 300 863**
LESBIAN-likes to talk and go with men or couples - **0898 300 858**
COUPLES ONLY- **0898 300 856**

I'LL HOLD YOUR BALLS 0898 300 852 & I'LL SUCK THEM 0898 300 849

SEX CONTACTS 0225 751030 IMMEDIATE SERVICE

NOTE 0225 IS STANDARD RATE NOT 0898

LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

STRICTLY ADULT

WE TAPE RECORD HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

STRAIGHT SEX	0898 300 848
LESBIAN LINES	0898 700 385
GAY LINES	0898 300 846
DOMINATION	0898 700 386
SUBMISSION	0898 300 841
BIZZARE	0898 700 394

WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway!!

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
S.T.G.P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2RJ

BOTTOM FETISHES

RUDE FETISH !
0898 700 395
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 300 842
MY BIG BUM !
0898 300 844
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 300 845

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME!
0898 442 085
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 442 086
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 442 087

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 012

LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 013

DOMINATION
0898 442 014

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 300 850

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 015

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 717
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX TALK-AND-LISTEN

HERE ME SHAVE
0898 362 671

DOGGY TALK
0898 362 694

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 442 711

LISTEN TO SEX SCREAM
0898 362 550

2 GIRLS FIGHT FOR 1 DILDO
0898 442 017

INSIDE MY PANTIES
0898 442 018

TRY A ROUGH & HARD RIDE GO
0898 442 019

DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME
0898 442 020

SPECIAL
MEET THE SEX TALK GIRLS AT YOUR PLACE!
0898 442 170 &
0898 700 306
WHAT THEY DO

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT 0898 442 016

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 100 401
Older Woman
0898 100 402
Domination Talk
0898 100 412
Meet Us!
0898 100 451

DOMINATE ME, DO ME ANYTHING NOW 0898 442 779

SPECIALS

DIRTY NOISES	0898 100 452
SEX YELLS	0898 100 454
HARD SHAVE	0898 100 455
YARD DOG	0898 100 472

RIP OFF MY CLOTHES

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG., P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

FREE*
OUR ONE HOUR SEX VIDEO

0898 442 737 (24HRS) TO ORDER

The girls will ask you for a reference No. Quote the Reference ADXX

WHY CAN WE GIVE YOU A FREE VIDEO ??

1. OUR FILMS ARE SO GOOD WE KNOW YOU WILL ORDER MORE.
2. IT IS COPYRIGHT FREE SO YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MAKE COPIES TO SELL TO THE PUBS & CLUBS. (WHICH IS MORE ADVERTISING FOR US THANKS)
3. THE VIDEO IS 25% ADVERTISING FOR ADULT GOODS & YOU ARE BOUND TO WANT TO BUY SOMETHING.
4. A GLOSSY CATALOGUE COSTS AS MUCH TO PRINT AS RUNNING OFF COPIES OF OUR ADULT PROMOTION VIDEO'S - so we arn't giving much away are we?
5. BY DIALLING AN 0898 No THE GIRLS CAN TALK DIRTY IF YOU WANT.
IF YOU DONT LIKE THE THING - KEEP IT AS A BLANK FOR YOURSELF AND FORGET IT!

NOTE : YOU MUST ORDER BY PHONE SO WE CAN TELL FROM YOUR VOICE THAT YOU ARE OVER 18 WE ARE NOT TAKING RISKS BY SENDING THESE OUT ON A COUPON..
* NOTE - You do have to pay the call charges charged

ADULT PROMOTIONS , P. O . BOX 242 , LONDON SW15 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

RELIEF LINE
Run by women for men only
I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!
0898 442 183
*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS
LIVE DIAL Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755
LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 575

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY	442 186
LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN	442 746
BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP	442 759
GENERAL SEX LINE	442 741

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME
OVER THE PHONE
0898 442 758

NO nonsense
NO run around
Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure
0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!
0898 362 556
If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours
SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

DAVINA MILLINGTON

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do) 0898 300 820 (A)

Filthy Talk
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things) 0898 300 820 (E)

Nobble The Virgin
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
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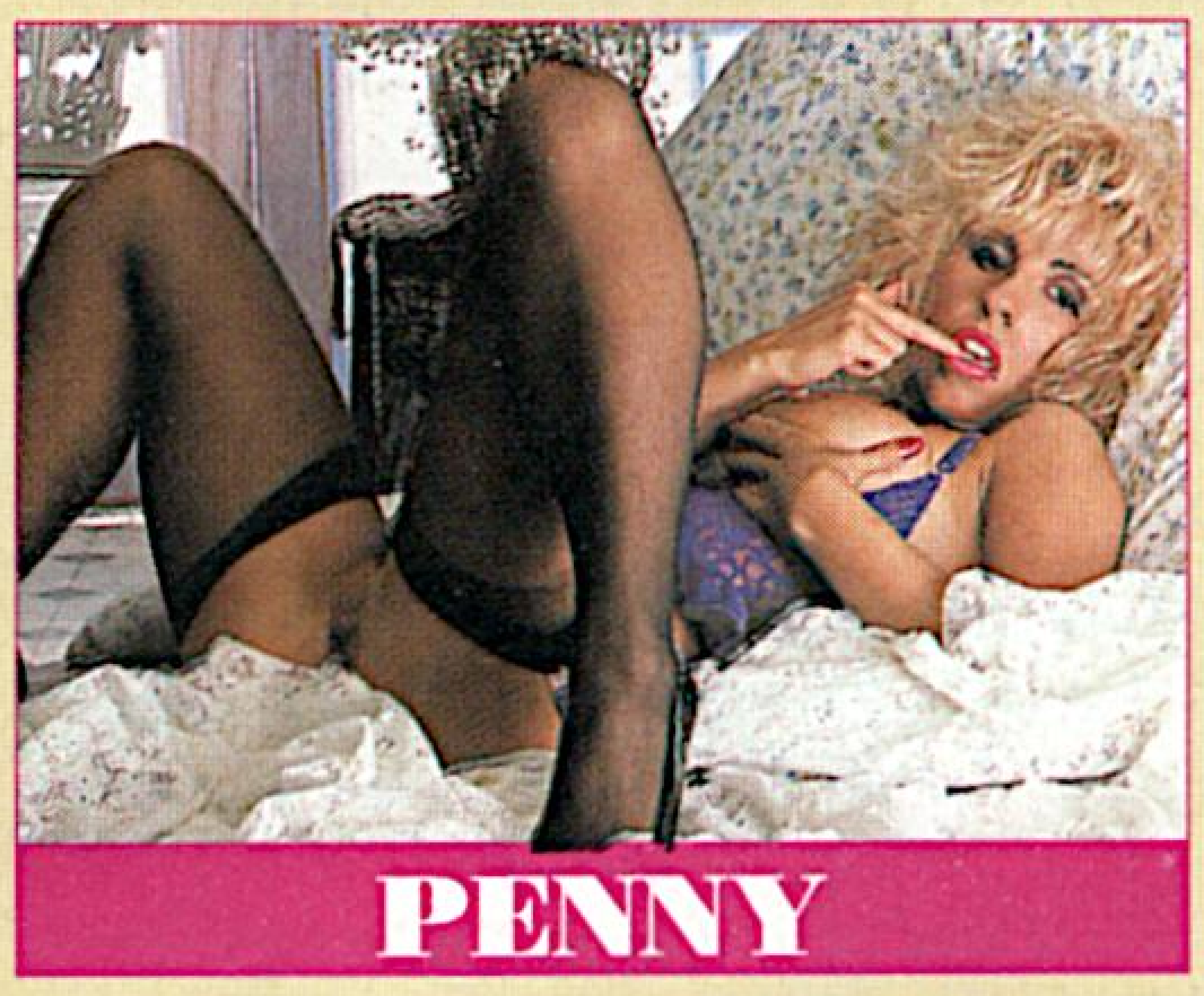

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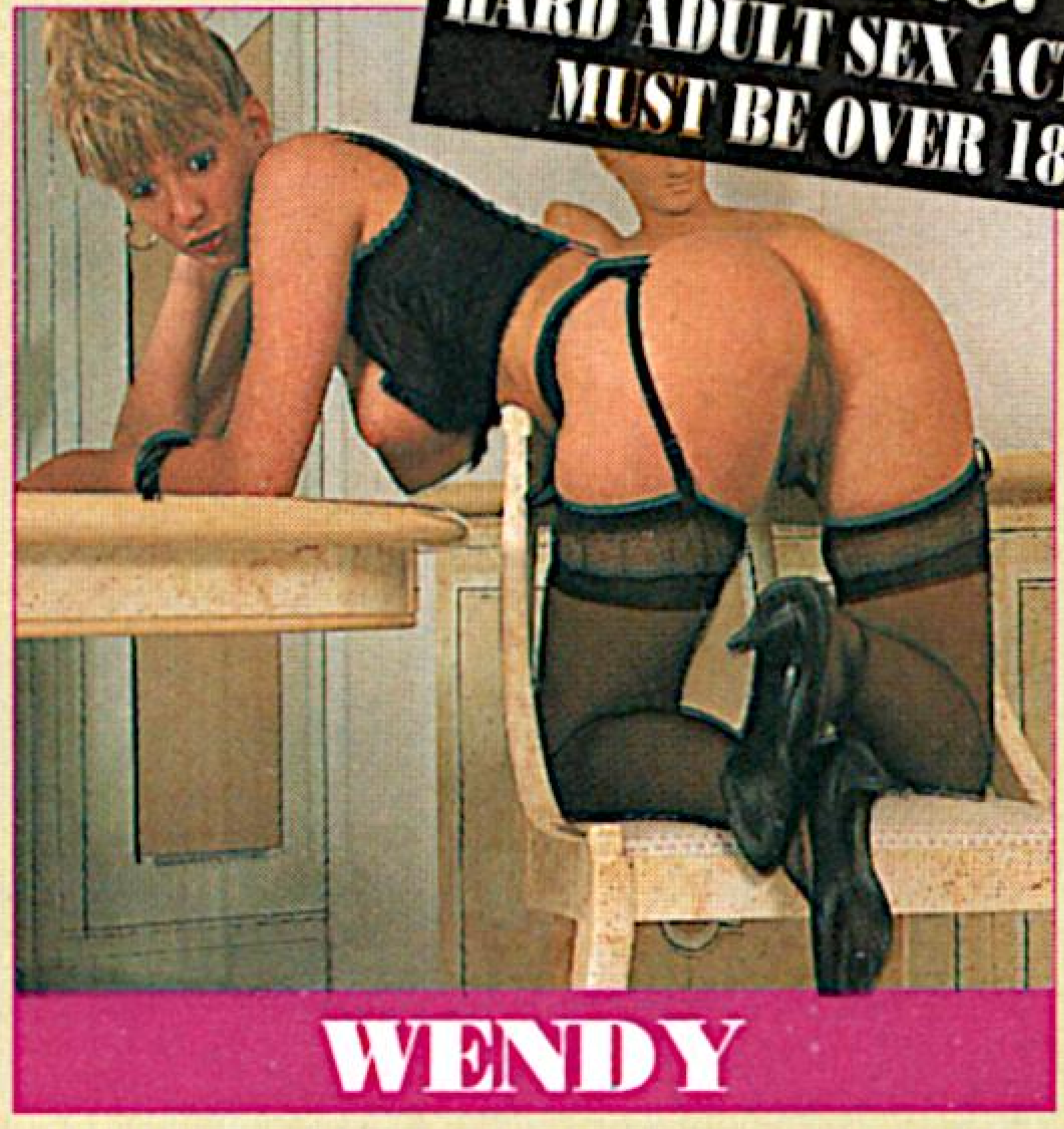

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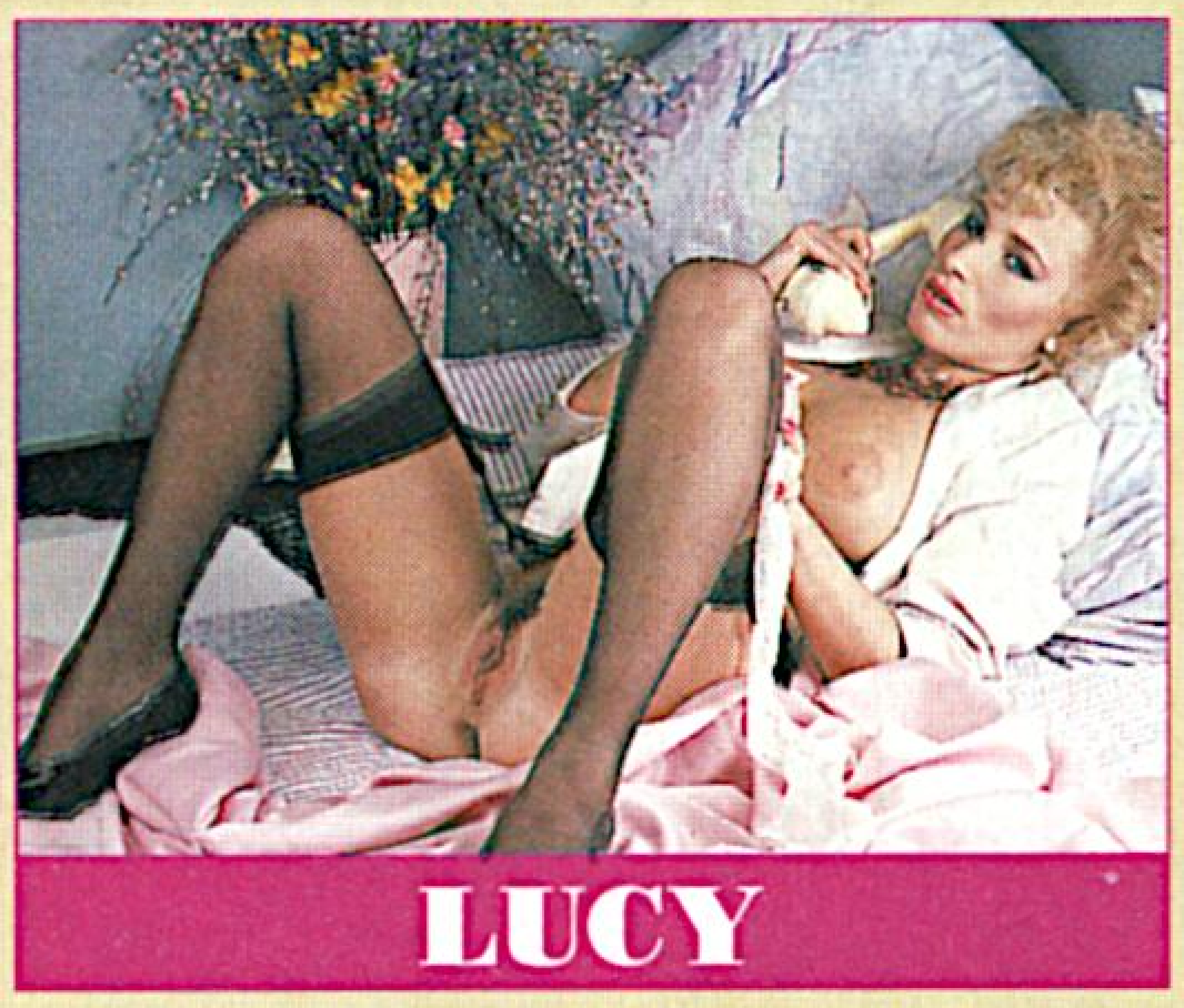

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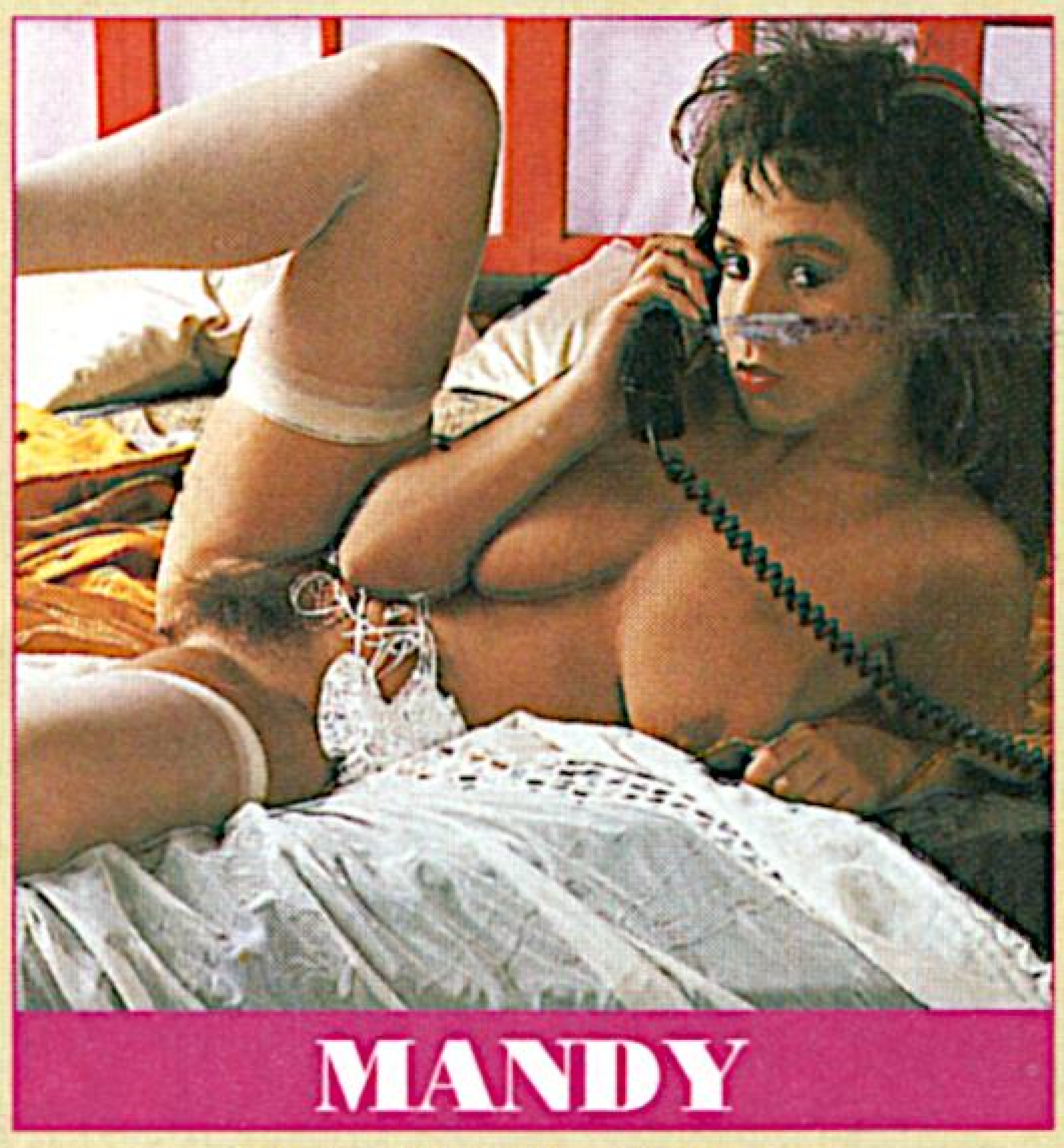

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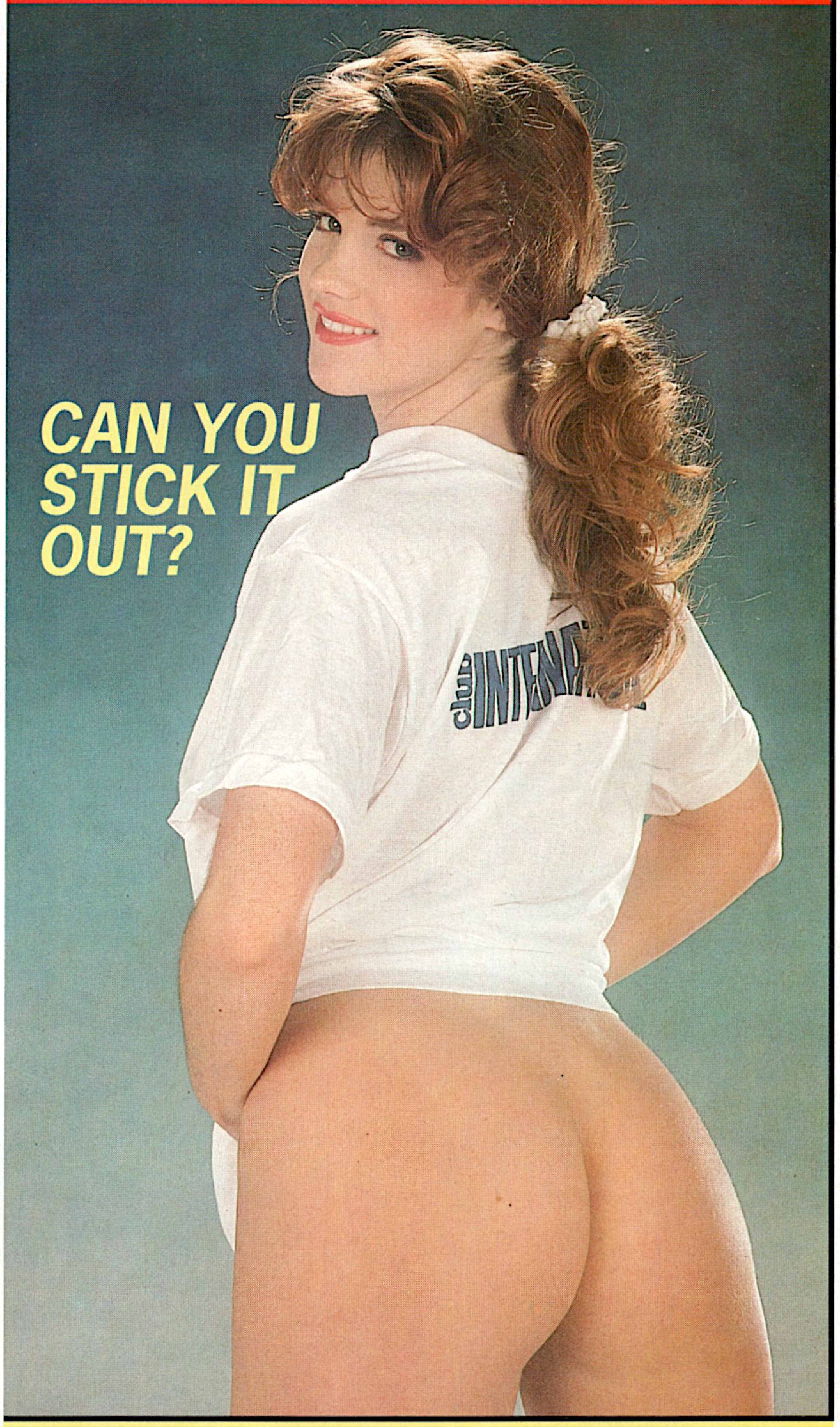

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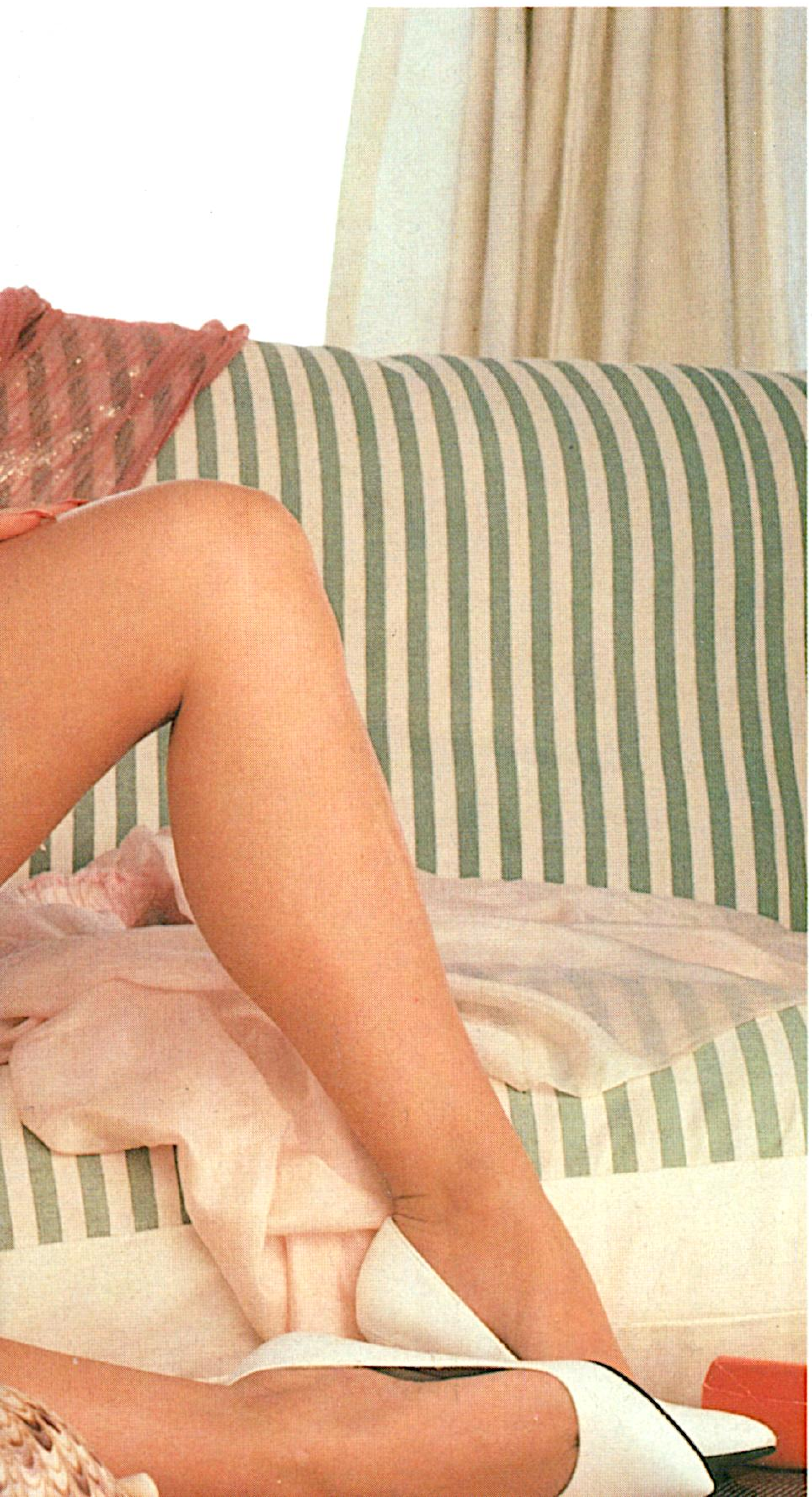
nicole

Photographs by Scott Evans

Those readers with a good memory and a keen eye for a pair of deliciously pert breasts may just recall Nicole's last appearance in this magazine – which was followed a month later by a marathon two-year trek around the world. How could you do that to us, Nicole?!

"I was offered a great job as a holiday rep – it was the chance of a lifetime," she explains. "I met loads of different men and experienced some amazing encounters!



"I've changed from a shy 19-year-old who didn't know a thing about sex into a raucous 21-year-old who's game for absolutely anything," purrs Nicole excitedly, tracing a finger down to the elastic of her knickers.

"Oh, and one other thing," she laughs, cupping her boobs in her hands. "My tits have grown from a 34B to a 36D!"

If that's what going round the world does, Nicole, off you go for another tour... ♣

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MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just call 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

LONELY girl, 23, brunette, brown eyes, good looking, average height, seeks man for a relationship. Willing to please the right man. Please phone Mr on 0836 403 710.

BIG lady, into black leather, etc, wants man to dominate. Dial immediately on 0836 403 711.

ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0836 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0836 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

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FEMALE sales rep travelling through England seeks men for evening pleasures. Dial 0836 403 715.

HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0836 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0836 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0836 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0836 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0836 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0836 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breaks like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only, phone 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29(, understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them, if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex and mutual satisfaction. Ring 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bisexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap. 48p per min. other times.

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RAZZLE
RAZZLE

francesca

Photographs by Jack Harrison

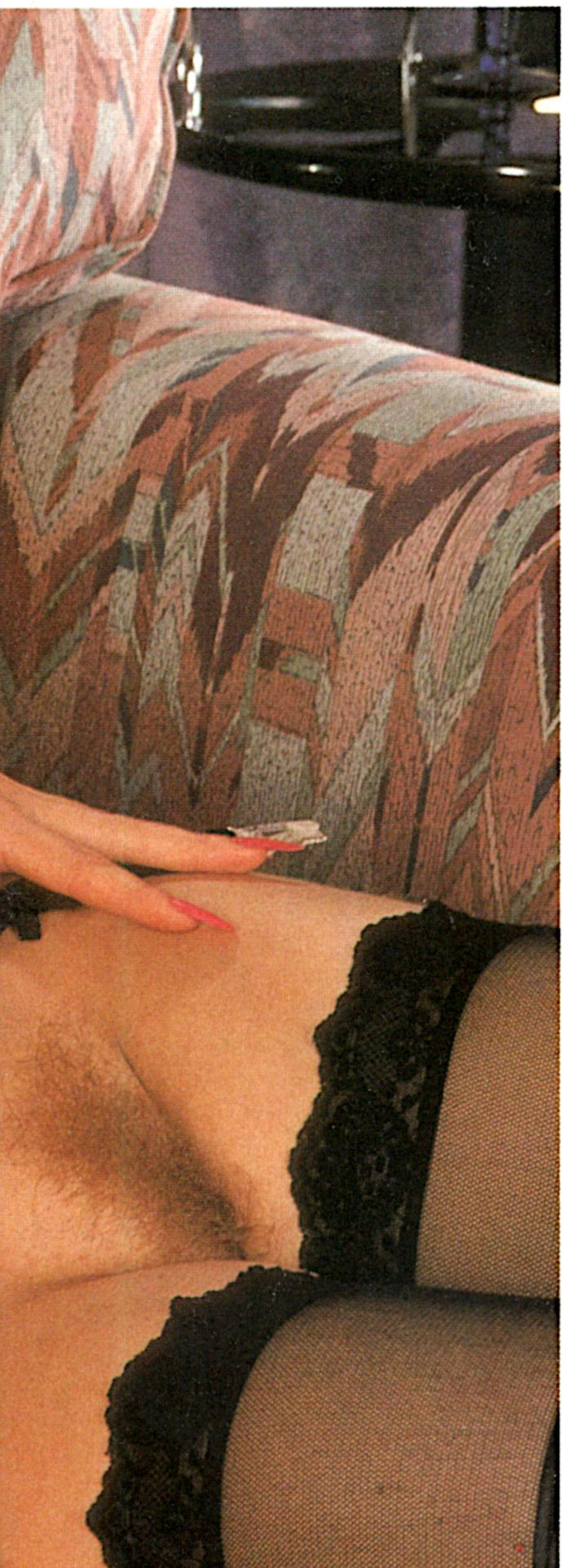
There's a first time for everything, and for fantastic 21-year-old Francesca it's a chance to bare her wares like she's never done before!

"Well, I've done a bit of modelling at home, but never in front of an audience." Never at all? Not even in front of your boyfriend?

"Oh, no! Not that sort of modelling. You see, I make little model aeroplanes. I've got hundreds now. Thing is, my boyfriend suggested I come and do this shoot because he

thinks I'm wasting my talents."

He has got a point. Mind you, all that fiddling around at home must have paid off. It looks like she can take off pretty well, her undercarriage is in rather good shape and just get a load of those bomb doors!♣



COMING IN club

Us terribly trendy lot here at Club are finally jumping on the green bandwagon with both feet. Not only are we recyling our jokes, puns and references to the palatial Club HQ (nothing new there) — we've also decided to recycle our girls! So will our scrumptious water babe turn up as an early entrant for the next Olympic synchonised swimming event, or star in the next series of Baywatch? One thing's for sure — she'll be getting her wet t-shirt off in next month's Club. Be there or be environmentally unfriendly! ♣

Volume 21 Number 12 on sale November 5th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 41

returned eagerly to Joanne's cunt.

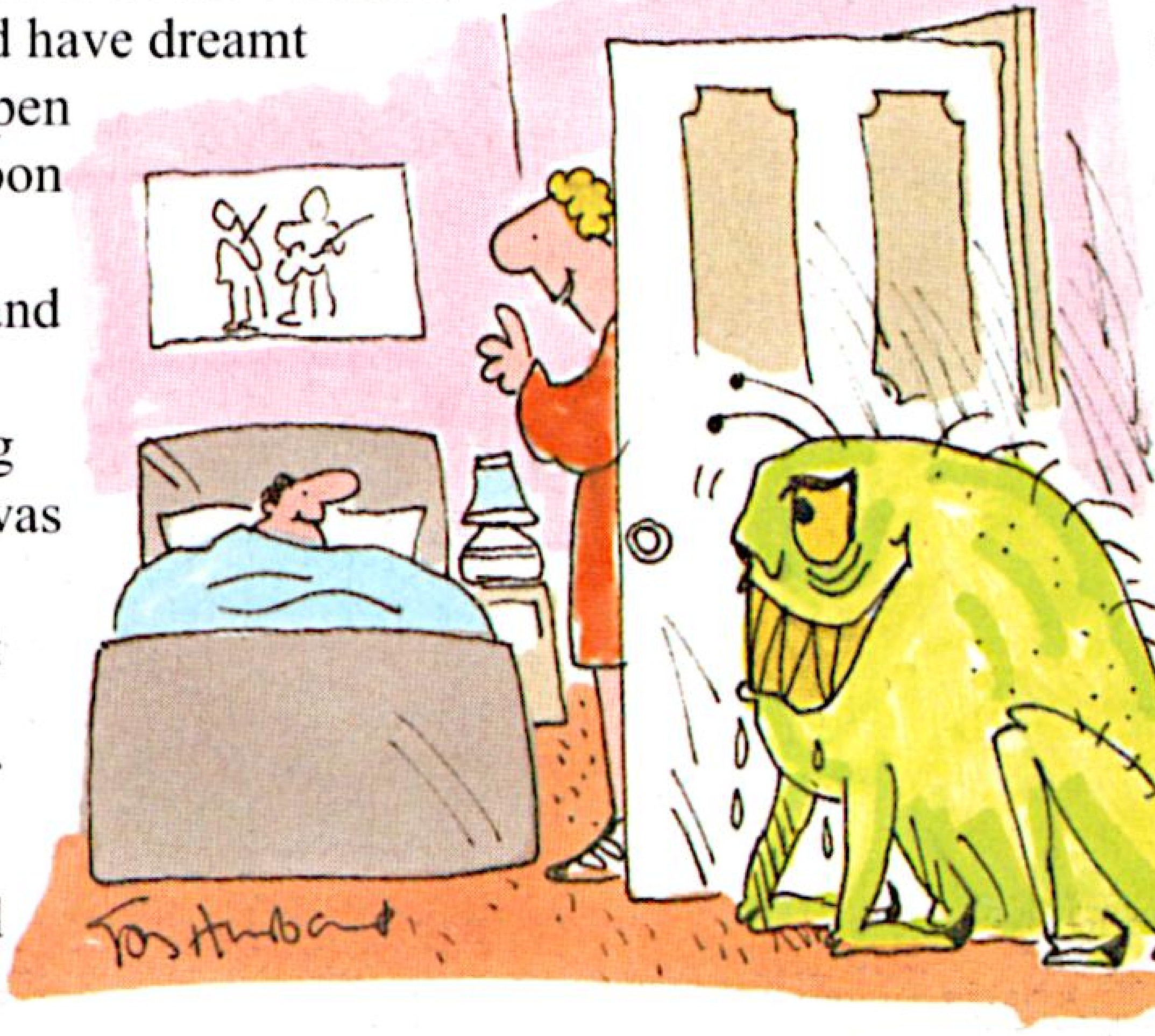
I made her come, and I could feel my own climax approaching, coming nearer with every one of Simon's thrusts. His cock was very thick, and I could feel my cunt walls stretching to take it. Soon I could hold back no longer, and neither could he. With one final push his spunk exploded inside me, my cunt muscles milking him dry.

We had a rest, but pretty soon we were back at it again. I know now that I'll never give up men – but I've also realised there's definitely more variety out there than I'd ever thought! – *Jackie, Portsmouth*

Tailor Laid

I work as a computer salesman in a large building which contains many other businesses. The unit opposite mine is rented by a fashion designer, Kate, a dark-haired woman in her early thirties. We often chat when we meet at the reception desk or in the corridor, but I never could have dreamt what would happen to us one afternoon recently...

I'm quite tall and always have difficulty finding shirts that fit. I was telling Kate this and she said that she could make me some herself at a reasonable price. It sounded like a good idea so I said I'd pop in later that day.



"Night, night – don't let the bed bugs bite..."

"Well, let's get you measured!" she said when I called around, and asked me to take off my shirt so she could get an accurate idea of my size. She set about taking down my vital statistics, her hands holding the tape to my bare skin. The way her full boobs brushed against me each time she took a measurement was really turning me on, as anyone could see from the growing bulge in my trousers. Kate certainly noticed, as after measuring my waist she lowered her hands to my crotch!

"Now I don't think I've measured this bit," she giggled. Before I could say anything she unzipped my fly and took my stiff cock in her hands. She knelt down and let her wet tongue glide over my helmet, leaving it shiny with saliva. Then she sank the whole length of my cock into her mouth, while I steadied myself on a table behind me. After a few minutes she hitched up her skirt, pulled her panties to one side and began to frig herself.

The sight of all this was too much for my aching balls to stand and with a groan I shot both barrels into her mouth. Kate swallowed every drop I pumped into her. Smiling, she stood up and stepped out of her skirt and let her blouse slip to the floor to reveal stockings, suspenders and a half–cup bra that showed off her massive tits to perfection. I took off the rest of my clothes and led Kate over to the cutting table which had a large sheet of red velvet thrown across it.

We kissed for the first time, our tongues darting around while I worked my fingers under her panties and into her soaking cunt. She let out a moan as I slid my fingers up and down her slit, her hips moving forward in time with each stroke. With my other hand I undid the clasp of her bra and released her huge boobs. I kissed her neck and shoulders and then moved down to her tits, sucking and kissing each nipple in turn until Kate pressed them together so I could suck them both.

It didn't take long until my cock was hard again, and judging by her wet pussy I could tell Kate was ready for a good fucking herself. She laid me onto the table and sat astride me, her soft pubes brushing against my stomach as she positioned herself above me.

Holding onto my prick she eased herself down onto it.

"That feels good..." she gasped, moving her hips forward and back, her pussy muscles squeezing my cock with each thrust. She began coming almost straight away as I lifted my arse off the table to push into her as far as I could. Her body trembled again as she peaked with one orgasm after the other.

I knew I couldn't hold out much longer, so I slipped out from under her and manoeuvred myself to take her from behind. As I slid my cock into Kate again I reached round to rub two fingers against her clit. We moved faster until I felt like my cock would explode and with one final push I shot what felt like gallons of spunk into her cunt. Kate must have felt it pump into her too as she pushed her bum against me for the last time, releasing another sticky load of her love juices all over me. We slowed down as I felt our mixture of hot come run down my balls and drip onto the table.

We got dressed and tried to carry on for the rest of the day as though nothing had happened; but I couldn't help wondering, if that's what happens when she measures me up for a shirt, what would she be like with a pair of trousers? – *George, Nottingham* ♣

WARNING: THESE HIGHLY EXPLICIT LINES ARE RUN BY WOMEN JUST FOR MEN

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NEW

Let me tease it for you!

ALL ALONE AND FEELING ME... LISTEN IN ON
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0898 224 398

0898 224 396

NEW

I NEED A GOOD MOUTH FULL!! CALL ME...
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DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 300 840

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 442 769

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER -24HRS

If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times. Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.